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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE

Four portraits forming a composite picture of the Quattrocento man: Savonarola, Castiglione, Machiavelli, and Aretino

Aristocratic Spirit

COLLECTED PROSE OF ELINOR WYLIE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IT is so tempting to write mere gush about this glorious book that it is best to begin with a plain statement of the facts. This volume, which is a companion in format to the "Collected Poems of Elinor Wylie," contains all her four novels, and a number of reprinted pieces of fugitive prose; several of these last deal with Shelley, one of them being a delightful fantasy of his life in America, and another a justification of the way in which he is made to speak in "The Orphan Angel." The various parts of the book have special prefaces by Messrs. Carl Van Vechten, Carl Van Doren, William Rose Benét, and Stephen Vincent Benét, and Mrs. Isabel Paterson; they are all valuable reminiscences and appreciations of one of the most indisputable geniuses we have seen. Mrs. Paterson's, especially, is a masterly analysis of "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard" as a companion piece to "The Orphan Angel," England without Shelley, when Mr. Hodge, the rising figure of Victorian bourgeoisie, was coming into power, and there was no romantic movement left to oppose him. In this one book we can trace the development of Elinor Wylie's prose—for though it is a commonplace of contemporary criticism to say that her earliest work was perfect of its kind, she went on from one sort of perfection to another—from the conscious extravagance of "Jennifer Lorn" and "The Venetian Glass Nephew," through the purer narrative manner of "The Orphan Angel," to its most completely athletic efficiency in the satire of "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard."

It is, if not easy, at least pleasant to praise Elinor Wylie, for her writing is like a beautiful sight, a waterfall or a moon-

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Four Figures of Renaissance Italy

THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Ralph Roeder. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $5.

Reviewed by EDWARD A. WHITNEY

PERHAPS it was inevitable that the biographical approach to history should sooner or later become associated with psychology,—and in our day from psychology to psycho-analysis appears to be a very short step. At all events, this new ingredient in modern civilization has come to play its part in interpreting the characters of the great men of history for popular consumption. One has only to consider the work of Emil Ludwig, Stefan Zweig, as well as many others who lack their stylistic brilliance, to admit the truth of this assertion. Even professional historians, although they shrink from passing judgments to which their colleagues can take exception, admit that the "why" is more important than the "what," and the reading public, reconverted to history through the lives of men who have made history, is avidly curious concerning the motives of great men who "are so often the cause of some 'tendency' which only they rendered 'inevitable.'" But it may be seriously doubted whether psycho-analysis, in the present state of its development, can add much to historical interpretation.

In the category of psycho-analytical studies belongs the latest attempt to interpret the most confusing epoch in the modern world, the period popularly known as the Renaissance. Ralph Roeder, in his "The Man of the Renaissance," attempts to elucidate that critical moment in the evolution of mankind by an examination of the careers of four men who lived through it and, to a greater or lesser extent, were produced by it. If we can accept the doctrine of Eduard Meyer that

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Ivan Bunin

BY ESSAD BEY

FOR the first time since its inception, the Nobel Prize, foremost of all literary awards, has been tendered a Russian writer.

Both Tolstoy and Chekhov, as well as the still active Gorky, might have been expected, at one time or another, to bring the award to Russia. Instead, it has now gone to Ivan Alexanderevich Bunin, who, there is no doubt, is at present the most important of the contemporary Russian prose writers.

Ivan Bunin comes of an old and noble family. Several centuries ago his ancestors migrated from the Tartaric steppe and settled in the Government of Voronezh in Central Russia, where they acquired vast land holdings and thousands of slaves. Their riches remained virtually intact until well into the early days of the Revolution. Bunin today is sixty-three years old. The Nobel Prize for Literature, which can hardly be said to be destined for youths, has in his case rewarded four decades of assiduous literary activity.

Towards the close of the last century Bunin arrived in St. Petersburg as a young student. Russian literature was just then undergoing a sort of renaissance; and among the creative talents of the period he played a significant part. Inwardly attuned to the symbolism and the decadent tendencies then prevalent, the young poet, better than anyone else, understood the need for arraying the obsolescent tradition of Pushkin in the new garb. And goaded on by this understanding, he strove successfully to elevate his language to a plane of unsurpassably beautiful, utter clarity. He explored his medium, language, as a physician explores the human anatomy. Those who knew him at the time say that he would ponder over the cadence of a sentence for hours at a stretch, to fathom the magical content of words.

The result of his painstaking labors was a book which for years thrilled lovers of poetry throughout Russia, a translation of "The Song of Hiawatha." Only those who can appreciate the difficulty of transposing brief English sentences into long Slavic ones, can realize what a gigantic task he accomplished. His translation is not only a great poetic achievement but an almost verbatim *Übersetzung* of the grandiose original of Longfellow. The Russian people took "The Song of Hiawatha" to their heart. Whole generations thrilled to the music and the heroic *motif* of the poem. Not a provincial town or a hamlet but knew and was stirred by the deeds of the far-away Indian demigod who, in this fashion, became kin to the heroes of Russian legendry.

Bunin was the first to bring American literature into the vast domain of Russia. Before him American literature had meant nothing even to the educated Russian. He it was who showed his compatriots that even Americans had vital things to offer in the realm of the written word. Thenceforward their interest in American writings has continued unabated.

At twenty-three, therefore, Bunin received the Pushkin Prize, the outstanding literary award of Russia, which the Imperial Russian Academy has only once bestowed outside its fold. This recognition shaped Bunin's future. Completing his university studies, he set out to make poetry both the task of his life and its content. His lyrics were soon famous. By the time he was thirty he was one of the leaders of the younger generation of poets, and among the *literati* was looked up to not alone as the master but as the brightest hope of contemporary literature.

With the years, however, Bunin's ways digressed so far from those of pure poetry that, in the story of Russian and of world literature, he will be remembered not so much as a poet as he will for his masterful prose. Every summer, when the streets of Moscow and St. Petersburg thinned of their moiling populations, Bunin deserted the literary salons and went back to his estates in the Government of Voronezh. There he came into intimate contact with the Russian peasant. At this time, it must be explained, there was a plenitude of peasant novels and stories, works notable primarily for their complete lack of understanding and truth concerning their subject matter. In them the peasant was depicted as the symbol of goodness. Justice, morality, and propriety existed only in the village and among the peasantry. If a man wanted to find himself he had to go to the village and to the peasant to redeem his soul.

This time-honored literary formula fitted in with the political ideology of the Russian intelligentsia who, clamoring for a democratization of the feudal aristocracy, saw in the peasant their hero. Bombs were thrown, czars murdered, and revolutions instigated—in the name of the peasant; young people of good family left home and hearth to join the peasant, to learn from them the Truth and the Right.

But precisely what this peasant was, what he was after and what he thought, and above all, what he did, the mundane scribes from Moscow did not know any more than did the impetuous revolutionists in St. Petersburg. Bunin, himself a member of the more liberal circles of the Russian intelligentsia, was the first one to discover the shocking lack of verisimilitude in these books and stories. Quite suddenly he changed horse and became a prose writer. His first books, collections of short stories, caused a veritable storm in his own circles. They had the effect of a slap in the face on public opinion. With

This Week

"TIME, FORWARD!"
By VALENTINE KATAEV
Reviewed by Maurice Hindus

MY LIFE AS GERMAN AND JEW
By JACOB WASSERMANN
Reviewed by B. W. Huebsch

STARRY HARNESS
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
Reviewed by Theodore Morrison

ROOSEVELT AND HIS AMERICA
By BERNARD FAY
Reviewed by Frank Ernest Hill

VINCENT VAN GOGH
By JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE
Reviewed by Margaret Scolari

THE REAL SHERLOCK HOLMES
By ELMER DAVIS

Next Week

CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

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consumate artistry Bunin portrayed the peasant as he was; not as a mythical God-seeker, but as a wild, robust, primitive man tormented and hedged in by cruel superstition. Life in the villages, the perpetually drunken peasants, the constantly abused women, the neglected children, formed the background of his numerous short stories written at that time. The psychic structure of the peasants was here shown in complete clarity. In the depth of their childish souls slumbered the most brutal, egotistic instincts; envy, hatred, and the lust to kill. Russian peasants, sons of slaves and descendants of the wild Tartar, were after all neither pietists nor philosophers.

Harsh tales of peasant life, tales that made the hair on the heads of liberal readers stand on end, filled the works of the erstwhile poet. Despite the prompt denunciations of his work by the critics, Bunin emerged victorious in this battle between fiction and truth. Not hatred, but sad and desperate love, dyed his pen. His work was not the malevolent criticism of a reactionary, but the bitter warning of a friend.

Beyond that, his tales were all of a high artistic order; his descriptions of nature were, artistically, simplicity itself—the single figures overwhelmingly plastic. It was not long before even the most adverse critics had to admit that such poetic genius could not be identified with blasphemous slander.

To know the whole truth about Russian peasants one has but to pick up a book of Bunin's. For he actually lived in their midst, and knew these hundred and fifty million souls as the powdered and perfumed snobs of the major literary circles never could.

Even Tolstoy, who originally disliked Bunin, and whose perspective towards the people was diametrically opposite to his, finally had to concede the great, if tragic, talent of his unique rival. Years passed, and ever riper grew the demoniacal gift of this strange man. Poems and prose pieces of unimaginable verbal clarity and

imminent danger of the peasant revolution which would uproot and annihilate everything—the realm and the people, culture and *mores*. The short-sighted politicians wagged their heads at the time, but now no doubt recognize the intrinsic truth of his prophetic words.

The oft-prophesied uprising, which came in 1917, originated in the very depth of the people; and the true peasant tyro was a verbatim copy of those gruesome Bunin visions. When the realm went to pieces, when the peasant hordes roamed the country, when warm red blood stained the earth, Bunin, together with many other writers, scientists, and clergymen, left the capital. He moved to the sunny South, to the Crimea where the White Russian movement fought to preserve the last remnants of the state. Bunin, however, never believed that the peasant revolution, the concentrated hatred of hundreds of years, could be overcome by a small group of White Russian generals.

He stayed in Russia until the bitter end; with hands and feet he clung to the last little patch of Russian soil. For, true artist that he was, he knew how deeply his art was rooted in this soil. Only when the Red battalions penetrated into the South Russian cities, when even the last corner of Russian paradise, the Crimea, was about to drown in blood, when the Hungarian, Bela Kun, became head of the Cheka in the Crimea, did Bunin go. Swept off his feet by the avalanche of fugitives, he was carried away on a rotting iron ship, across the Black Sea to Constantinople. Of his earthly possessions he took very little along: a few manuscripts, a small satchel, and one worn suit. Nobody could have recognized the famous poet in this dilapidated, aging man.

Constantinople. Two million Russians passed through the Turkish metropolis in 1918 and 1919. They loitered on street corners, slept under bridges, lodged themselves a hundred to a room in the once magnificent reception chambers of the Czarist Russian embassy. Their former allies considered them the scum of the earth.

It is said that the bread of exile is bitter as gall. That isn't so. The bread of exile is neither bitter nor sweet. . . . The soil of exile is barren for the exile. . . .

Like other emigrés, Bunin lived in Constantinople, tattered, hungry, uncertain of the morrow. Months passed; nobody troubled to remember the renowned poet. Then suddenly, unexpected salvation came to Bunin and a number of other Russian writers from an unlooked-to quarter. Alexander, in far-off Belgrade, was crowned King. In August, 1914, when the Austrian army had passed the Serbian border, Alexander, then the Crown Prince, had wired the Czar: "Save our country in the name of our Slavic brotherhood!" That telegram had been the outward cause of Russian intervention in the war. At the end of the war Serbia emerged big and powerful while Imperial Russia was crushed. The human flotsam of the Czar's realm clung like barnacles to the Bosphorus. Now King Alexander remembered the tragic days of August, 1914. He, himself, at one time had been an exile in St. Petersburg and knew well what exile meant.

Thus it came to pass that Bunin and a goodly number of other Russian writers one day received a brief notice from the Jugoslavian Embassy. It read: "His Majesty, the King of Jugoslavia, has resolved to subsidize the most important of the Russian intelligentsia. Thus you will receive a pension of —— francs." This pension granted by King Alexander saved the vestiges of Czarist culture from complete and final oblivion. Bunin went to Serbia and from there to Paris, where most of the Russian emigrants finally congregated.

After long interruption he began again to write creatively. Exile alters people's views. Clergymen preach bloody revolution, humanitarians demand the annihilation of human beings, pacifists press for war—and lyric poets write odes full of venom. Indeed the poet Bunin, author of

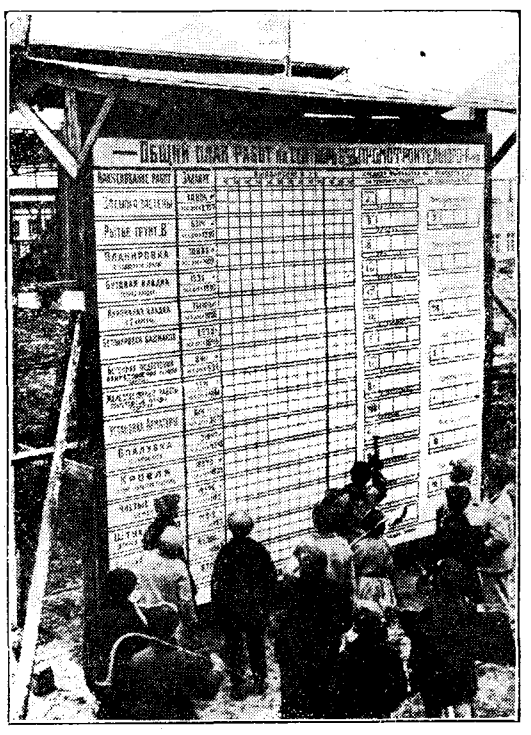
ism, could readily have fallen prey to this pessimism! Instead, an extraordinary thing happened. The daring, merciless portrayer of human characters wrote the unexpected "Mitjas Love." Exile, bloodshed, and civil war had failed to embitter him. His dark prophecies having materialized,

IVAN BUNIN

it was as if the nightmare had gone from him, never to return.

"Mitjas Love" is a work of sheer delicate, lyrical tenderness, bursting with a love of nature and man unequalled in literature. The story of a brief life, young Misha's, his burning love and his tragic end, is easily the finest wrought book, stylistically, of contemporary Russian literature. It made a sensation. Once again the poet Bunin had given the world a glimpse of the wealth of variations that lay buried in his soul. Next to "The Gentleman From San Francisco" and "The Village," "Mitjas Love" is the apogee of his artistic endeavors.

Years passed, and in exile Bunin fashioned his three-volume novel, "The Life of Arsenjenv," essentially autobiographical. In exile, too, many fragments emerged from under his pen, later to be collected and published between covers. Fifteen years had gone by since the poet Bunin had had to leave his homeland. In that time he had grown ever more tranquil, residing in some provincial town south of Paris, while it became increasingly difficult to adjust himself to an alien world. Financial difficulties again and again forced the King of Jugoslavia to cut his largess to the exiled Russian writers, and Bunin's existence grew lonelier and more abject. Only rarely did he show himself at the salons of the emigrés in Paris. His pension at last no longer sufficed for the barest necessities, not even to provide heat in his humble cottage. Together with his wife, the poetess Golina Kusnjezowava, he struggled along one step removed from pauperdom.



SOVIET WORKERS WATCHING RECORDS OF RIVAL FACTORIES
From "The Land Without Unemployment," International Publishers

To be sure, the Soviet Publishing House still issued his books, the editions of which reached into hundreds of thousands. Even among the rising Communistic generation he was, and still is, considered the peerless master of the word. But these honors were bestowed only upon the ab-

anniversary of Pushkin's birth. The leading members of exiled Russia were there. Suddenly word went round that Bunin had arrived; he was, in fact, in a far corner of the hall, leaning against the wall—an emaciated man of sixty. His face was gray, his cheeks were sunken, his hair was white; his oblong head was ennobled by cavernous, attentive, kindly eyes.

I approached him and he greeted me. He told me he was writing a new book, as yet untitled, whose content was still confused. He was working day and night. "It is difficult to work here," he said, rubbing the slender fingers of his left hand with his right. Then he stared fixedly into space and added quietly: "Probably I shall be buried in French soil." Unexpectedly his face flashed in a smile as he held out his delicate brown hands. "After all, I do have beautiful hands; they too will have to rot." Again he stared moodily over the hall and at the host of people. Russian emigrés surrounded him and old acquaintances shook his hand. But he spoke little and obviously longed for the refuge of his small, dark room with its table full of manuscripts.

Ivan Bunin's attainment of the coveted Nobel Prize must certainly cause surprise and controversy in Europe. When one mentions the most famous Russian poet in Europe, one invariably names Gorky. Bunin's fame has not penetrated beyond the boundaries of his native country. Few translators would be capable of recreating Bunin's marvellous lyric quality.

Outside of intimate literary circles, translations of Bunin's works find but scant attention. Nevertheless, the prize has not gone to one who is unworthy of it; the masterful productions of this poet altogether justify the unanticipated choice of the Selection Committee.

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Essad Bey, whose "Stalin" and "Twelve Secrets of the Caucasus" are well known to American readers, is one of the few men in the United States to be personally acquainted with Bunin. "The Village" and "The Gentleman from San Francisco," two of Bunin's books mentioned in this article, have just been reissued by Alfred A. Knopf.

A Soviet Novel

"TIME, FORWARD!" By Valentine Kataev. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by MAURICE HINDUS

WITH the beginning of the Five Year Plan, more than at any time since the coming of the Soviets, Russian authors have been dedicating themselves to literature with a revolutionary purpose. There have been exceptions: authors who for one reason or another thought it best to shun the contemporary scene and who turned for inspiration to the past. It is significant that Gorky with all his devotion to the Revolution has confined his creative writing to pre-revolutionary themes. But most of the young writers have plunged with enthusiasm into literature with a political message. Novelists, poets, dramatists, have journeyed up and down the vast Soviet territories, visited construction enterprises, collective farms, attended mass meetings of workers and peasants and then recorded their experiences, in one form or another, but chiefly in that of the novel.

Kataev's "Time, Forward!" belongs to River." Neither has it the blatant confusion of Pilnyak's "The Volga Flows into the Caspian Sea." It is concise, well-knit, and brilliantly written. It is packed with action that has a glow of reality and is void of the mawkish proletarian morality which mars so much Soviet writing. Perhaps it is less a novel than a record of momentous events, or a page in history; and it is so riotously alive that whatever its success now, fifty or a hundred years hence the historian and the student of literature will read it with respect and joy.

Like all novels of its kind, "Time, Forward!" concerns itself with the construction of a new plant. This time it is in the Urals. The story isn't much. The workers in the Ural plant learn that Kharkov has beaten all records in concrete mixing and

(*Continued on following page*)

Lark

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

O, LARK, from great dark, arise;
O, lark of light,
O, lightness like a spark,
Shock ears and stun your eyes
Singing the day-rise, the day-rise, the
great day-rise.

O Believer, Rejoicer, say
Before Evidence of Day
The Sun is Risen.
Where
No sun is, come loudly in the air;
Let ear and eye prepare
To see and hear, truly to see and hear;
To hear thy three-fold welcome in the
air,
To see all dazzle after long despair,
To see what none may see now, singer,
singer fair, so fair.

O, lark alert, O, lark alive,
O lovely, lovely chanting arrow-lark
Sprung like an arrow from the bow of
dark,
O, lark arise,
Sing the day-rise.
The great day-rise.

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they decide to beat the Kharkov record. But unlike many authors of such novels, Kataev does not subordinate the human experience to a social purpose. He blends the two and so skilfully that cement, chemical formulas, political slogans, ultimate purposes, do not crowd out the human being but reveal and clarify him, and even more, the conditions under which he is living.

To the American reader the chief motive of the story may seem trivial and dull. There are many more exciting things in life, he will say, than concrete mixing. Supposing the Urals beat Kharkov and someone else beats the Urals? What of it? This is one way of appraising such a novel. But in Russia concrete mixing is everything and Kataev makes it so in his novel. I have the feeling that he has deliberately chosen a comparatively prosaic aspect of construction in order to emphasize more boldly the stupendous struggle that Russia is now waging for the remaking of her whole civilization. In this book concrete mixing is not merely a job. It is a symbol. It is even more than that. It is a destiny. Here shock-brigadiering and other new stimuli to productive effort are not merely political formulas. They are a battle and a crusade for a system of life in which neither individual enterprise nor individual profit shall have a place.

Kataev is one of the few Russian writers who in the midst of struggle and sacrifice have made even the Bolsheviks laugh at their own foibles and vices. To the American reader who has so often heard returning visitors declare that in Russia people never smile, Kataev's "The Embezzlers" must have been a revelation. His farce "Squaring the Circle" which is still being played all over Russia with astonishing success, would be even more so. Kataev is also the inspirer of the two delightful books, "The Little Golden Calf" and "Twelve Chairs," one of the co-authors of which is his brother.

In "Time, Forward!" he is more sober. He is stirred by the immensity of the tasks facing Russia in her effort to build a machine civilization. Yet even here he shows his gift for satire and his love of fun. The book is interspersed with bits of decription and dialogue that make the reader chuckle. The translation is superb. Charles Malamuth deserves the highest praise for making the book so readable.

WOMAN OF THE RENAISSANCE
Isabella d'Este, from Titian's portrait

Maurice Hindus, who has just returned from his annual visit to Russia, has recently published "The Great Offensive," a study of the Soviet Republic.

An Adventure Story Founded on History

THE GUN. By C. S. Forester. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $2.

THIS is a splendid adventure story, all the more splendid for being so far from any of the formulas that the words "adventure story" connote. It is founded upon an incident in the history of the Peninsula War, the abandonment by the retreating Spanish army of a siege gun—which became the rallying point and inspiration of guerilla fighters. How the gun became the greatest prize in the province of Leon; how the guerilla leaders contested its possession with each other and with their government; how, through painful experience, they learned the artilleryman's trade, from the way to move three tons of gun over mountain roads to the first principles of siege warfare,—that is the story, and not many books have as good a one.

Even the critical reader may well be so carried on by the action as not to appreciate the technical skill displayed in the telling. There is no single hero to engage the interest, but the author does not stoop, as he pardonably might, to enlist the interest with promises. He merely presents the gun, and the difficulty the peasants had in moving it; and after that problem another; and so on, each success leading to a greater task. That is all he does; but it is almost impossible to stop reading.

"The Gun" has the verisimiltude of history and the intensity of a work of imagination. Mr. Forester is to be congratulated on an unusual and a fine piece of work.

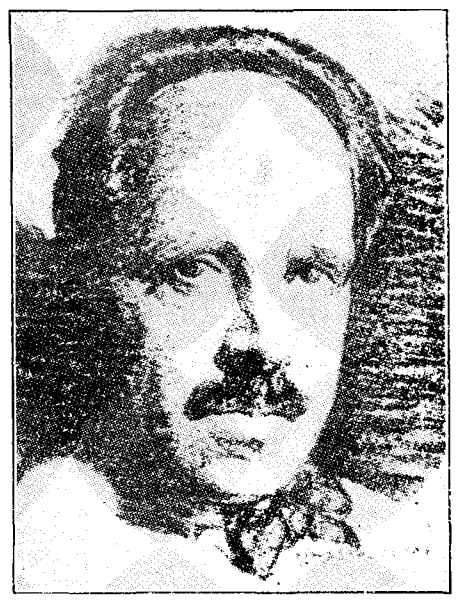
An Artist at Bay

MY LIFE AS GERMAN AND JEW. By Jacob Wassermann. Translated by S. N. Brainin. New York: Coward-McCann. 1933. $2.50.

THE DARK PILGRIMAGE. By Jacob Wassermann. Translated by Cyrus Brooks. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by B. W. HUEBSCH

GERMANY harbors some Jews who hasten to assure you that the reports of Nazi anti-Semitism are exaggerated, and by way of confirmation point to the fact that they themselves have not been molested. Such are survivors of the well-to-do class that ever sought feverishly to blot out their origin, that despised their brethren from beyond the Mason and Dixon's line which separates



JACOB WASSERMANN

Eastern from Western Jews, and that affected to be more Teutonic than the Teutons.

Wassermann is not one of that smug tribe. He knows that one can think and feel like a German without thinking and feeling any less like a Jew. But Germany, even in the days before the Great Blight, didn't know it. Wassermann, through fifty years of painful experiences, came to the sad consciousness that to the German the terms German and Jew are mutually exclusive. A dozen years ago he wrote this confession ("My Life as German and Jew") with its account of frustrated childhood and youth that is the key to his subsequent career, and now he adds a postscript reaffirming, less morosely and more urbanely, his disillusionment and renewing his aspiration toward an ideal of justice.

The way of the sensitive German Jew is indeed hard. Excluded from partnership in the heritage to which, as in Wassermann's case, he feels himself entitled because of roots that have weathered the centuries, and without the anodyne that faith in Jewish nationalism affords, he finds himself between two gates: one is closed against him, the other he cannot in clear conscience open.

"Die Juden von Zirndorf" disguised as "The Dark Pilgrimage" is Wassermann's first book and was written thirty-seven years ago. It is plain that the Nazi movement prompted the translation of these old books in which the author concerns himself with the social and spiritual adjustment of the Jew in Germany. As a prologue to "Die Juden von Zirndorf" he tells a fantastic and gruesome tale of a Jewish community in Germany upon the rise of Sabbatai Zewi, "The Messiah of Ismir," whom Josef Kastein portrayed fully in a volume not long ago. Then comes the story itself, a mystical, symbolical narrative of groping souls on the same spot of earth some two hundred years later. The action may be interpreted as a set of variations on the theme which the Sabbatai Zewi manifestation of religious emotionalism affords, with Agathon—a fleshly yet divinely endowed pure fool—as the touchstone for the morals and manners of an allegorically conceived social group. Agathon has dreams and visions: he confounds the obscurantist schoolmasters and is expelled; he effects the death of a wicked man by sheer projection of will; he fuses the conflicting aims of crowds and they do his unspoken bidding; he resolves soul disturbances of those whose lives touch his, all the while going through certain purgatorial experiences. He wanders across the pages in a fashion that often recalls Franz Kafka's "K."

It happens that Wassermann alludes to "Die Juden von Zirndorf" in "Mein Weg als Deutscher und Jude," so he may appropriately be permitted to speak for himself:

> When, at the age of twenty-three, I wrote "Die Juden von Zirndorf" I drew upon the ancient life of my race, upon the tradition and legends of the people as whose scion I necessarily had to regard myself; yet, at the same time, I wished also to portray the actual life and development of that people in a quasi-legendary, highly simplified, and very concise manner. The actual fundament for both I found in the country in which I was born, my Franconian home.
>
> I wrote the book without consciously meditating upon it beforehand, as one relates a dream or as if under an inescapable compulsion. . . .
>
> The book was self-expression and confession; it liberated me from the nightmare which had crushed my youth.

Although a quarter of a century separates these two books they are complementary, and reveal curiously and interestingly the painful effort of a sensitive artist to come to grips with himself in an impossible situation.

Figures of Renaissance Italy

(Continued from first page)

"history begins when individuality first appears as an active factor in the life of a people,' then Mr. Roeder's method is philosophically sound—to comprehend an epoch which glorified individualism to a greater extent than any historical period before or since, one must consider the individuals it produced. The period of the Renaissance refuses to be reduced to a formula, and although many men have tried it, they have failed as completely as the great Marsilio Ficino failed in his attempt to reconcile the teaching of Plato with the teaching of Christ. Mr. Roeder is to be congratulated for avoiding this pitfall. But in his selection of representative types of the Renaissance, men whom he himself characterizes as "lawgivers" of their age, he has fallen upon the other horn of the dilemma.

If it is dangerous to invent a formula which will encompass the spirit of the Renaissance, it is no less hazardous to select individuals whose composite attitude is, by implication, presented as an epitome of that spirit. For his recapitulation of his man of the Renaissance Mr. Roeder has selected four individuals as different from one another as they could possibly be, each representing, to be sure, an important aspect of his period, but no one of them in any conceivable sense of the word typical. The first is a Dominican monk, at once a survival of the other-worldly asceticism of the Middle Ages and a forerunner of the Protestant revolt; the next, a philosopher patriot who had lost all illusions save patriotism; the third, perhaps the finest, character of them all, although Mr. Roeder does not suspect this, the interpreter *par excellence* of the polite virtues of a highly sophisticated civilization; the last, and the least worthy of this ill-assorted quartet, the first exponent in history of "yellow journalism," and the first man to make a fortune as a blackmailer.

Truly a strange combination to use as indices to an epoch; and yet there is much to be said for Mr. Roeder's selection of them. They prove, as no similar selection of four men could prove, the inescapable error of over-simplification. In presenting a theory or an historical period to the reading public, it must be presented in terms with which they are familiar in other connections. This has been done admirably in the present study but, while it may stimulate general interest in one of the most significant periods in all history, it scarcely adds to our understanding of it. An exception to this criticism must be made in the case of the analysis of the career of Savonarola. Possibly this is due to Mr. Roeder's greater acquaintance with his subject as a result of his previous work on the great Dominican. Although he takes considerable liberty with the proved facts of Savonarola's career, one feels that the author, thoroughly steeped in the atmosphere of the Florence of the Quattrocento, has given us a more than plausible interpretation of the forerunner of John Calvin's theocratic community at Geneva. In the case of the other three "lawgivers," Niccolo Machiavelli, Baldassare Castiglione, and Pietro Aretino, who are emphasized in the subsequent chapters, one has an uneasy feeling that Mr. Roeder is restating, in a somewhat ultra-modern terminology, and in a style that frequently irritates the reader, the judgment of an earlier and less realistic epoch. This is confirmed when one considers the bibliography which he appends to the end of the volume. His chief secondary sources are discovered to be Pasquale Villari, Michelet, James Addington Symonds, and James Dennistoun (whose name, by the way, is spelled incorrectly). It would be unjust to say that the author has not examined the source material with care, but except in the case of Savonarola, it is fair to say that he has added nothing which cannot be found in earlier and equally well written works. His original contribution may be summarized by saying that he has presented his material in the terminology of psycho-analysis and has explained the complex, often contradictory, characters of his heroes in terms quite familiar to ultra-modern readers.

Incidentally, some of his most convincing portraits deal not with his four main characters, but with lesser figures who play roles on the same stage. The author's advance notices hardly do him justice in that they make little or no mention of the arresting characterizations of Caesar Borgia, Pope Julius II, Isabella d'Este, Ludovico Sforza, Charles VIII of France, and Duke Guidobaldo of Urbino.

The book is well worth reading. At a time when mass action and mass thinking are proclaimed to be the only solution of our difficulties; at a time when the world is plaintively asking not for constructive leadership, but for dictatorship as a means of evading individual responsibility, any book which can induce men to consider seriously an age which glorified and believed in individual achievement is a worthy effort. And this in spite of faults of detail and questionable interpretations, it is safe to assume Mr. Roeder's book will do.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Brain Trusts for Literature

When the university world poured into public service in 1917 and 1918, little comment was aroused and that generally favorable. The recruiting of economists, statisticians, sociologists, currency researchers, and students of high finance by the Roosevelt régime has had a much more turbulent reception. The scholars of 1917-1918 went in to help win a foreign war; the scholars of 1932-1933 are employed to take part in a domestic one, where a change in our institutions is quite as much an objective as economic recovery. For not the first time in history, but the first in our age, disinterested experts, whose studies have been theoretical, with regard for the truth, but no need of immediate success impelling them, have been given an opportunity to experiment on a vast scale —the only kind of an experiment which ever proves much in the field of economics.

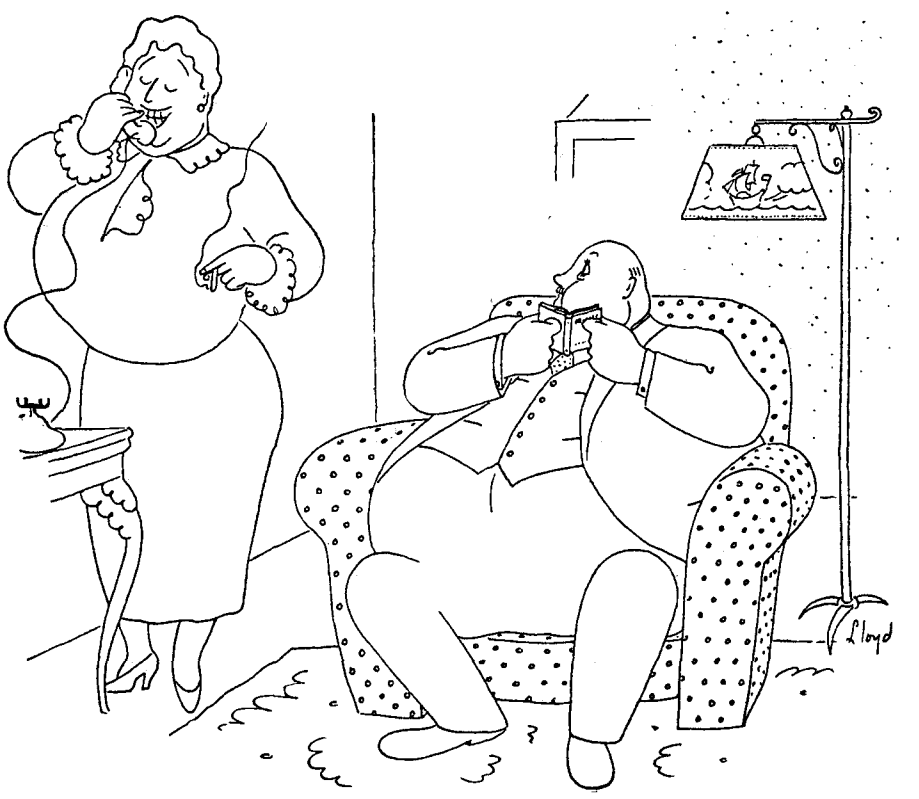
The violence of the protests against their activities may, or may not, be proof that they are making mistakes; it is certainly evidence of the vital character of the experiment. They propose, on a front far wider than the currency, to remake the business of living according to theories deduced from studies of the past. That this can be done without arousing vast antagonisms is incredible, that it can be done even imperfectly is in doubt. However, the business and agrarian world has at last been forced to call upon the universities to put into practice their pretensions of special knowledge gained from years of research at the public expense. And one notes that the protests so far do not come from the universities. They differ as to medicines but not as to the necessity of a dose.

It is interesting to speculate what would happen in the wide field of American literary endeavor if the public should demand and the universities encourage a like intervention. Here is one of those historical lags so interesting and significant in the history of culture. At the moment, economics and politics obsess our minds, and naturally; yet no careful thinker can doubt that the vast processes of production and consumption of commodities which we are trying to rebuild into an organism as vigorous, and more truly healthy, than before, must have a purpose more comprehensive than merely feeding, clothing, and housing. What the fed, clothed, and housed will do with themselves and their civilization, is less immediate but evidently quite as important as their survival. In the use of leisure, in the enriching of culture, in the attempt to make minds as well as bodies self-sustaining, literature has a part in this project by no means humble, as extensive as the desire for beauty and the craving for an interpretation of life, as varied as the modern mind in its gradations from the peasant and machine worker up to intellects as subtle as the history of civilization records.

Our universities have taught literary history, and taught it well, to more millions than in the history of the globe have ever been taught literary history before. They have taught literature as the economists of the old deal taught economics, as an orthodoxy, a digest and interpretation of the past, and they have left to their students a participation, almost it might be said an interest, in the vital literature of the present. They have stood aloof from literary history in the making, taking responsibility for neither creation nor criticism, although that among their faculties there have been notable exceptions this *Review*, which has published so much from scholars both here and abroad, should be the first to assert. The vigorous, rebellious literature of the last decade, so confused in its standards, so rich in its achievement, has certainly not clamored for academic help, and as certainly would have profited by it, especially in criticism, yet the universities as such have consistently discouraged the drafting of their scholars in literature for service at the front. Like the old professors of economics they have been kept in the S. O. S., and told to stick to tradition and its history. Nor have many of them exhibited much reluctance.

The expert in economics faces the test for which a century and more of intense study has been preparing him. Either he will make good his theory in practice, or his theory will be proved merely theoretical, or he will be beaten (in his first encounter) by forces beyond his control. The expert in literary history may expect a like call and, if the future lies with civilization and not barbarism, a like opportunity. His university will not always cloister him. If economics escapes from the class room, so will literary history and literary criticism with all that they can teach a world not entirely made up of specialists and youth. Without sacrifice of his primary duties to the young and to abstract knowledge, he will be required to make his truth, if it is truth, prevail in the culture which is shaping hourly about him. And to this end the pedantic barriers between scholarship and creative and critical literature must be broken down. It is the economist's turn today to add the burden of direct service to the state to the labor of learning how to serve it. It will be the turn of the scholar in literature tomorrow. And the sooner he and his university realize this almost inescapable conclusion, the better for both.

Apparently German youth is being conditioned for war from the kindergarten up. The latest German schoolbooks, according to a correspondent of the London *Observer*, speak of battle as "the divine business of every German"; a prayer contained in a representative volume for children of eight and nine, ends by asking all to raise their hands in honor of "the day of just vengeance"; and a song, highly popular in the school, has the refrain, "Nation to Arms! Nation to Arms!" A sorry outlook, indeed, for those who believe that the only hope of eliminating future wars is by educating the rising generation to abhor the thought of battle.



"OSCAR'S BURIED IN A BOOK."

To the Editor: *Does Southern Literature Misrepresent the South?*

Subsidizing Southern Sycophants

SIR: Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, said the Constitution knew no section; but Ben Hill, of Georgia, said this was only because it did know all the States. It had to know *all* the States to keep from knowing *some* of the States. Now, if the law could take on all that inspiring universality, it certainly would seem that literature could. But it can't—at least not in America. There are twenty-five million or more white people in the South who know that all these negro books are bunk, but what they know does them no good in the world at large for the simple reason that they can't get it printed.

It is a matter of worthy criticism that the South ought to publish books herself, but that is no defense to Northern publishers who have filled schools in the South with books that lie on her civilization. There is not a single textbook in a Southern school of any kind that gives the true reasons for secession, and this is because they are all published in the North that knows little and cares nothing of what the reasons are. Yet those reasons are history—else secession is not, the war is not, Lincoln is not, the Northern army is not, and the whole thing ought to be wiped out of the books.

Well, what of the other books? Take the free-lance books, the library, the reference books. Take an article on slavery, or on any of the Western territories, and in these the authors, in reference books especially, admit they don't know anything about the motives of the South in holding to the one or emigrating to the other, for they print at the end of their articles bibliographies of their sources and you can't find a Southern source listed. And the steady stream of free-lance writers are just as bad because they all pass their time rewriting one another. If you confront the author, the publisher, with the charge, he starts shouting "Southern bigotry, Southern intolerance." Then you show him his bibliography, and he has to shut his mouth —though, frankly, he never abandons his sickening grin.

Now that's the state of "literatoor" in the States today. Southern civilization is defamed, lied on; Southern denial is "bigotry, intolerance." But far worse than this is the alibi of the New York and Boston publishers. They say: "Look what we have done for the South! Here's this, here's that, here's the other—all about the South. We printed it." You take up what they show you and it's some more of the same old negro bunk, or more of the "sympathetic pictures" of Southern civilization run down at the heel, more Southern "imbecility," more Southern "incapacity." It is all for the purpose of vindicating the Northern war to give Southern civilization to the negro. They know that if they don't *vindicate* it, they will have to *pay* for it—though they don't know enough to know that the common conscience of mankind throughout the world will yet make them pay for it, whether the South ever does or not.

But they say—the New York and Boston publishers: "Why, you're crazy; these negro books are written by Southern people. We prefer them to come from Southern people." Now there can be no doubt about it. The books come largely from Southern writers, and the publishers prefer them to come that way, but that is only so they can say: "This is the genuine article; this is the low-down on down-South."

And here we strike bottom—the bottom of infamy. By excluding the true dignity of civilization in the South, by excluding her philosophers, her historians, her biographers, her essayists, the New York and Boston publishers offer two and only two alternatives to oblivion to the Southern writer. The Southern writer must sell out or stay out of books. He must write negro bunk, *or* silly, sloppy "folk-lore" fabricated after a Northern suggestion, or go unpublished. Painful as it may be, the admission must be made that there are Southerners who will do it—and they are increasing daily by leaps and bounds. And their own civilization pays the price—the price of promoting *them* at the expense of men and women whose very names they are unworthy to mention. This, the New York and Boston publishers say, they can sell; because this, they say, is what the North will buy. But that sort of lying rot is not what they sell the South. They send into the South the books that show the dignity, the strength, the power of Northern civilization. By putting the one into the North and the other into the South, they think they can compass the defeat of the Southern spirit—by showing that *her* civilization is a fraud or a nonentity.

Then, what say the New York and Boston publishers to the remonstrating Southern writers? They say: "All right, whenever you wake up in the South and go to buying more books, we'll print more of *your* stuff, we'll print some Southern dignity." Buy more books! when, Mighty God, all the books the South ever bought she bought from *them*. Is there any wonder the diagnosis of Robert Toombs still stands? That their protestations of friendship "are nothing better than mercenary, hypocritical cant."

WILLIAM W. BREWTON.
Atlanta, Ga.

An Idea for the NRA

Sir:—While reading through a French edition of the *Journal de Goncourt* I encountered the following item under data of October 4th, 1890, which is amusingly applicable to contemporary conditions.

I give below my own (free) translation of the passage:

> One could write a fantastic story *à la Poe* from the following. It has been calculated that, as a result of the general custom in America of replacing teeth by the gold variety, about 750 millions worth of gold are now deposited in cemeteries. Suppose that after several years when the millions have increased to billions, a financial crisis should occur, what an impious and macabre treasure hunt would result!

One wonders if this comes under the N. R. A. or under Conservation of Natural Resources.

PIETER H. KOLLEWIJN.
Wilmington, Cal.

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE. By RALPH ROEDER. *Viking.* A picture of Renaissance Italy focussed about four of its leading figures.

COLLECTED PROSE OF ELINOR WYLIE. *Knopf.* Novels and essays of one of the most notable writers of contemporary times.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS. WALT DISNEY STUDIOS. *Blue Ribbon Books.* The Silly Symphony in book form.

This Less Recent Book:

THE WAY IT WAS WITH THEM. By PEADAR O'DONNELL. *Putnam.* A tale of Irish folk.

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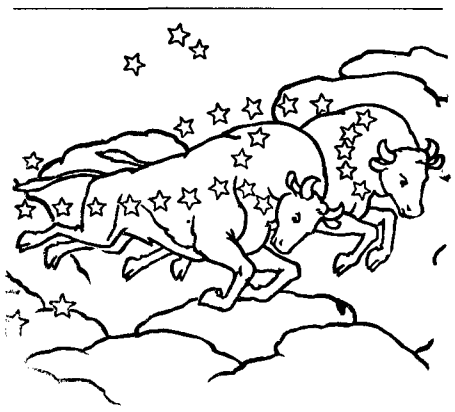
A Spirit for Life

STARRY HARNESS. By William Rose Benét. New York: Duffield and Green. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE MORRISON

IT was once said that the English nation suffers from an unrequited love for music, and it might well be said that a large part of the American nation suffers from an unrequited love for poetry. The cook, the school teacher, the university witling, the woman without useful employment or distraction, unite in a strange democracy of effort, all assiduously courting what they believe to be the art of poetry. And not this medley of unqualified persons alone, but many whose love is less blind, who can refine their addresses by taste, by intelligent application, by cultivation in letters, and by strong natural feeling, labor with eagerness and hope in the same calling. Here and there one is rewarded. With such a suitor as Robinson Jeffers, the poetic essence betrays moments of genuine if wayward and abandoned union; she loves him the more violently because it is obviously improper that she should love him at all. For Mr. Frost, she betrays a milder, a more humorous partiality; but there is fibre in affection to outlast the spasmodic intensities of more violent attachment. "Love me little, love me long."

Mr. Benét is one of those who court the indefinable lyric essence with feeling and with eagerness, with ingenuity and with



When Luvah's bulls each morning drag
the sulphur sun out of the deep,
Harnessed with starry Harness—Blake

knowledge; and yet it is not clear that the suit has been rewarded. Perhaps a stanza may be quoted from a poem called "Nebular Hypothesis" to illustrate the qualities of the fifty odd poems, in various moods and degrees of seriousness, which have been gathered into his latest volume, "Starry Harness":

> All the incredible forms of matter:
> Flowers so delicate, frail and small;
> Miraculous leaves and awesome grasses,
> Almsgiving grain where through there passes
> The rippling breeze more strange than water
> Lake-tranced or wild in waterfall.

The strains present in the book as a whole are not unfairly represented by this unequal stanza—the occasional happy phrase or imaginative epithet in which the elusive essence, or a glint of it, shines for a moment; the greater number of lines insufficiently touched by imagination, or distorted in the attempt to supplant it by an artificial diction. The words "Lake-tranced or wild in waterfall" belong to poetry; the line is an enviable or a delightful one according to the critic's generosity of temperament. "Miraculous leaves and awesome grasses" ought to have a place in the genre of the "Song to David"; but it gives the suggestion of Kit Smart gone stale, Kit Smart without benefit of madness. Mr. Benét sometimes commits positive offenses against right diction, as when he says that

> Streaming colour up the trepidant
> Empyrean ran;

and he is guilty now and again of the banal and the sentimental: " . . . deep in the wood your heart will heal or break."

A personal philosophy or temperament uniting the separate items of "Starry Harness" is not very distinctly to be traced. One of Mr. Benét's more appealing qualities is a certain spirit and stomach for life, and a disposition to strike the old-fashioned note of hearty ballad and song. "Blank misgivings" about existence, the professed revulsion against life itself found in some contemporaries, do not belong to him. He feels in his own person the undiminished wonder of things, and asserts the value of the adventures and impulses of life, of its immediate perceptions and emotions. He gives expression to pleasant fancy, as in "The Ponies," and reveals a sense of humorous narration, as in the ballad of the man who shot the moon. "Starry Harness" may be summed up on the whole as a collection of short, separate poems, for the most part lyrical and personal; and if the author's affection for his art exceeds the requital he has received, this must always be the plight of most of those who labor in so hard a calling, though they labor with good will and not without endowment.

Traitors in Zion

DE VRIENDT GOES HOME. By Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by MEYER LEVIN

LIKE modern Palestine, which it depicts, this novel is a complex entity with a thousand outward facets, but while Palestine glows jewel-like with the passion of its complexity, this novel is mostly dull. Occasionally a small surface is illuminated by tenderness; toward the end, the inner warmth that should have guaranteed the book's brilliance distils a mystic half-light, revealing vaguely the designed form of the story.

Arnold Zweig's design was splendid, and had he not been confused by a hasty impulse of inclusiveness, might have granted him a novel beautifully representative of Palestine. As it is, his book is a compound of Edgar Wallace, Vicki Baum, Feuchtwanger, the Palestine Inquiry Commission, and the Zweig of "Sergeant Grischa."

His story is of Dr. Isaac Josef De Vriendt, a Dutch Jew, journalist, scholar, and an active leader of the orthodox wing of Jewry. It must be understood that earlier in the Zionist movement the orthodox wing was strongly opposed to the Zionist plans to make Palestine a Jewish national home, and regarded with disfavor and alarm the influx of "heathen" pioneers. The orthodox Jews saw no Messiah in the people itself, but waited serenely for the prophesied appearance of Messiah Himself; the Zionist attempt to anticipate Messiah's time by themselves creating the Jewish return to the Holy Land that Messiah was to bring, was in effect blasphemous. This attitude, naturally, would put Dr. De Vriendt and his orthodox followers in the position of traitors to the Zionist movement. And in fact, Dr. De Vriendt was willing to make alliance with the Arabs rather than with the Zionists; he was even ready to consider an alliance with the anti-Zionist Russian Jews, though the communists were destroying Judaism by absorbing Jews into the socialist state.

Zionism has by now absorbed this orthodox element. It has conquered it as youth conquers age: by waiting for it to die. And Zweig's hero, De Vriendt, is the last great proponent of the purely orthodox point of view. Symbolically, the author makes him feel intimations of himself as a reincarnation of the biblical Isaac; in his death throes De Vriendt remembers himself as Isaac upon the sacrificial altar. It is Zweig's suggestion that this recurrent blood-sacrifice is mystically required in the continued renewal of life. But even in this mystical reference confusion arises, for the sacrifice of Isaac is a sacrifice of unblemished youth, while his De Vriendt, representing orthodoxy, is not only aged but impure. For he has made de Vriendt the lover of an Arab boy, and a poet of atheistic impulse.

If he had given his novel to the working out of the tortuous strains in this man, who contained within himself the contrary impulses that make complete man, Arnold Zweig might have created a beautiful and true work. But he touches upon these motifs only to establish them. He has created a detective novel and a *roman à clef*, but he misses creating a work of art.

A Powerful Novel of Social Revolt

THE DISINHERITED. By Jack Conroy. New York: Covici, Friede. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON

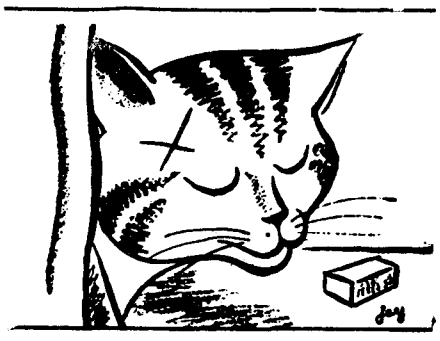
IN the last chapter of "The Great Tradition," Granville Hicks mentions Jack Conroy as one of the writers who are carrying on the tradition he is talking about—the tradition of social protest, to describe it roughly. No one who reads "The Disinherited" will doubt that Hicks's claim is justified. For "The Disinherited" is a real novel of social revolt, and it is exceptionally well written. Conroy can tell a good story, and he quickly gains the reader's attention for his point of view by the directness, vividness, and power of his writing.

The characters are all workers—coal miners, factory employees, ditch diggers, farmers—and their wives and families. They are perforce a wandering people—when jobs disappear they move to another city or state or section of the country. Company towns, city flop-houses and slums, camps along the roadside—all these inevitably have a place in this novel. Conroy also describes the work in some of the factories—he tries to show, and does show, the workers' lives from all angles.

Larry Donovan, the chief character, is the son of a coal miner, whose parents want to keep him out of the mine. He works on a railroad, in a rubber factory, a steel mill, an automobile factory, on a bridge, wherever he can find a job. Night study and a correspondence school course do not help him to lift himself out of the proletariat, nor does he have much hope when he sees college graduates working at the same kind of jobs. He fails to find security anywhere, and gradually as he is thrown from job to job we see him becoming a radical and a labor organizer.

"The Disinherited" is more successful than most revolutionary novels in holding the reader's sympathies, because its people are real—they talk and act as Americans do talk and act, and the situations they are shown in are not strained to a point where they cease to be truly representative. Conroy obviously knows his material inside out, and has witnessed most of the scenes he describes. His grasp of narrative is firm, and his style, though occasionally a bit stiff, is usually delightfully fresh and simple.

A novel of such vigor and significance is most unusual at any time. Among American novels published this fall, it is certainly outstanding.



lines composed for archy and mehitabel*

there is no bland alternative to choose
don marquis we take off our humble hat
to you half wit half cockroach and half cat
archy poetic bug how can you use
those purrings purloined from a kitten s muse
to speak your comic philosophic chat
mehitabel pray tell how is it that
you give adventure such exotic hues
this critic knows no critical corrective
to damn a single line with mild reproach
you as none other can with words effective
stalk folly with a sly feline approach
and view the world by dish of cream perspective
accept this tribute from a lesser roach
archy s cousin hugo

* *archy s life of mehitabel. By Don Marquis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1933. $2.

(The review above was written by Ralph Rochefort White.)

"THE WOMAN ON THE BEAST"
From the jacket design

Ironic Symbolism

THE WOMAN ON THE BEAST. By Helen Simpson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by J. CONNOP THIRLWALL

THE apocalyptic "Woman on the Beast," selection of the English Book Society, is a synthesis of all that Miss Helen Simpson has hitherto written. In her first novel, "Acquittal," and her first collection of short stories, "Baseless Fabric," Miss Simpson developed a strain of imaginative irony; she experimented with the supernatural for its own sake in "Cups, Wands and Swords," and served her apprenticeship in historical romance with "Desires and Devices." She has written "The Woman on the Beast" with a delicate combination of the ironic, the imaginative, the supernatural, and the romantic, with each element deftly applied to produce a fascinating pseudo-historical trilogy of a missionary, a revolutionary, and a humanitarian.

Miss Simpson in her foreword explains that "This book tries to interpret a contradiction, that the most hateful actions are, as often as not, performed for the best of reasons," a moral you may take or leave. The important thing is that she has written two excellent stories, "The Indies, 1579" and "France, 1789"; the third, "Australia, 1999," reads, in part, too much like Huxley's "Brave New World" and other prophetic works to be distinguished. This tale is a projection into a future mechanized world, ruled by Anti-Christ in the person of Mrs. Sopwith, a glorified and triumphant Mrs. Eddy. The symbolism of this hermaphroditic Anti-Christ, called He-She, who rides the scarlet beast in the Apocalypse, dwarfs the story of Jane Cobbett, humanitarian extraordinary to the benighted Australians. The symbolism of Anti-Christ in "The Indies, 1579," a Prester John who never appears, does not spoil a good story of the ironic martyrdom which is the lot of the Grand Inquisitor of Goa after a number of thrilling and amusing adventures in the East. He-She appears in person in "France, 1789," as the Grand Master of the Masons, an instigator of the Revolution, who tries unsuccessfully to save the Bourbons by means of cabalism. Anti-Christ is foiled by the strumpet who is enthroned as the Goddess of Reason on the High Altar of Notre Dame. Biding her time for two hundred years more, He-She has the world at her feet after the slaughter, root and branch, of the fighting Irish of Australia. But at the subsequent celebration of world unanimity under one Divine Personage, the heavens open, and the first of the Seven Trumpets sounds the Day of Judgment: "The Almighty had, in the usual manner, disappointed his coadjutor after all."

This ironic symbolism of Heaven triumphant but divided against itself is amusing but inessential to an appreciation of Miss Simpson's book. "The words and sense are plain, and I cannot but believe that there is any great mystery hidden under their words," says Nostradamus, the sixteenth century astrologer, whose prophecies head each tale—a good motto for the reader of "The Woman on the Beast." The life-giving element of this tri-partite novel is neither symbolism, supernaturalism, nor prophecy; it is the ability to tell a story well, with an ironic fillip, one quality of the neo-romanticism common to that group of eminent Englishwomen, Helen Butts, Clemence Dane, Rose Macaulay, and Helen Simpson. Miss Simpson has taken her place in the van of a new romanticism which utilizes the past for an end good in itself—pleasure.

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A Force, Not a Formula

ROOSEVELT AND HIS AMERICA. By Bernard Fay. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by FRANK ERNEST HILL

IN a time of national emergency the American scene can at best be viewed with difficulty, and one looking at it from the outside has obvious advantages. Mr. Fay has perhaps the best credentials of any foreigner who might report upon it. His "American Experiment," done four years ago, showed a comprehensive knowledge of American institutions and history, and the clear objectivity of the best French mind. His studies of Benjamin Franklin and the early nineteenth century have confirmed Maurois's opinion that he knows more about America than most American citizens, and the present volume on Roosevelt must rank at once with such American interpretations of the "revolution" as Mr. Lindley's and Mr. Looker's.

This will be the more true because Mr. Fay has drawn a picture that has both depth and entertainment. He states in his preface that his chief desire in writing the book has been "to remind Europeans that America is a force, not a formula." Consequently, he attempts to see present-day America as a culmination of past American experience, to build a frame in which his picture may appear at its clearest.

The spirit in which Mr. Fay builds his frame, or background, is one of robust insistence on America's individual character. In an amusing preliminary scene he gives the querulous complaints of imaginary Englishmen, Italians, French, and Germans upon this strange land which each feels his nation has had a part in making. He then turns to what he considers the realities of the Americans' struggle in their America. More than half of the book is devoted to this—to the forces represented by Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and particularly to the modern product of their ideas after fermentation and contact with the world outside in the administrations of the first Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. Against this he sets the work of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The effort to interpret a nation with a few phrases, however judiciously chosen, is almost bound to breed suspicion and dissent. Mr. Fay lays himself open to both. His assertion that America represents the working out of eighteenth century European ideas is doubtless true to an extent, but dangerous. So is the importance he lays upon the American's implicit trust in the Anglo-Saxon tradition and personality (he cites a Chinese's comment in support of this!). His bold characterizations of Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover are only saved by the playful fantasy with which he invests them. Yet if not taken too seriously his friendly and half-humorous caricatures give at least one aspect of truth, and stimulate the reader enjoyably.

His portrait of Roosevelt is in contrast given with little caricature, and with shrewd practicality. He is by implication an admirer of the man who is now steering the country through strange waters. He believes that by ancestry, experience (including the attack of infantile paralysis, on which he lays considerable emphasis as a psychological element in the President's makeup), and character Roosevelt is peculiarly fitted to guide the Americans today. Mr. Fay sees in him another of the many leaders who have responded to American instinct in time of crisis, and have known how to use crisis.

Here one feels an instinctive rightness and a clear perceptivity in his opinion. He contrasts dramatically the American's acceptance of "Anglo-Saxon logic and customs" in daily life, and his abandonment of these for "more profound and personal resources" in national emergencies. "The American . . . is attracted toward a crisis, whilst the Englishman is fascinated by passivity." In stress, "the Englishman tries to leave time and the course of events to solve this problem. The American, on the contrary, instinctively inclines toward a violent reaction and enjoys an explosion."

Roosevelt fits into this conception as a president-elect refusing to assist Hoover to moderate the approaching difficulties which culminated around election day. He let them materialize. As a result he had a tangible emergency to deal with, and dealt with it in the best American tradition of dramatic power.

The interpretation of Roosevelt which is made with this point of view gives a clear sense of the President's apparent resources as a ruler. Mr. Fay has suffered the natural disadvantage of one dealing in a book with a scene that really requires the facilities of newspaper publication. The work of the administration is barely sketched. The N. R. A. in the pages of this volume is little more than launched, the farm program receives only the vaguest attention, the public works and monetary experiments are sketchy and far from up-to-date. The study, in other words, is essentially one of last June.

Yet its vitality and shrewdness and boldness are refreshing. One could wish for a clearer definition of what are peculiarly American forces in history and in Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Fay, so open-minded to the idea that America works in her own way, does not find convincing explanations for our national tendencies. (His discussion of our industrial experience is an example—he actually sees a partial return to the handicraft stage, in imitation of France!) Yet one finds throughout a sympathy and large understanding, and an attitude sufficiently objective and non-American, to provoke endless discussion.

Aristocratic Spirit

(*Continued from first page*)

rise, that sets one trying to find words for it; but it is hard to criticize her. In one of the prefaces of this volume, Mr. Van Vechten has described the difficulty he felt in writing of "Jennifer Lorn" for the first time. The difficulty is that she is one of those writers whose work is so wholly of a piece that even what by certain standards are its defects are integral parts of it, and to wish them altered is like wishing that Gothic architecture were less exuberant; it is simply wishing that the art did not exist. One can wish for many alterations in Shakespeare, and feel that if they could be made, the more Shakespeare he; but to wish, as some critic once wished, that Sir Thomas Browne had written "hanging gardens" instead of "pensile gardens" is wishing that he were less himself. So the work of Elinor Wylie, who once wrote with a proud right

> . . . I'll lay me down
> In silver coverlid and clothing
> Beside my brother, Thomas Browne,

is always what it was meant to be, and is itself.

Her style has been called mannered, and so in a sense it is. But it is not on that account affected, for it is the style of a mind to whom manners are no affectation, but a second nature. It is the expression of the aristocratic spirit in literature. Her first hero, Poynyard, was a type of the aristocrat, exaggerated and caricatured, but with all his faults a figure whom one cannot read about without carrying one's chin a little higher for a few days afterward. Set him beside Mr. Hodge, and there is no doubt where the sympathy lies. This spirit in writing has no desire to appeal to a universal audience; it knows its own value; it regards beauty of style as being self-evidently a good; it esteems learning if it can be gracefully carried; and it has no doubt that the aristocrat Goethe was right when he said, "Art is called art because it is not nature." These are its principles; and in following them, its nobility obliges it never for half a line to do less than its best. That is the spirit that has written the sentences of which this book is made.

The aristocratic spirit can say some things as well as they can possibly be said, and it will take any pains to do so; there are, however, other things which it cannot say at all (in prose; but it must not be forgotten that Elinor Wylie was first of all a poet). Elinor Wylie, who saw the absurdities of her admirations (as in her tender mockery of Shelley), and the dangers of her positions better than any one else, expressed this perfectly in the person of the Venetian Glass Nephew. Virginio is exquisite, lovely, all that can be desired—but he cannot embrace his bride without breaking. The aristocratic spirit finds a difficulty in the expression of personal feeling. It will not cry out when it is hurt; but a good deal of literature is crying out when one is hurt. It will not wear its heart upon its sleeve; but it must find a roundabout way to show that it has a heart at all. It is for this reason that one sometimes feels that one might address to Elinor Wylie the quotation supposed to be addressed to Shelley, which she has taken for a motto for her essay upon his habits of speech, "I prithee deliver thyself like a man of this world." She does not consider it altogether well-bred, like Pepita in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," she does not think it *brave,* to say too clearly what she feels when she feels intensely. The feeling may be conveyed, and the intensity; but it must be conveyed by all sorts of indirections, ironic understatement, allegory, deliberate exaggeration. And there must always be a cool, high-bred vein of satire ready to check the romantical excesses of feeling. This conviction in Elinor Wylie is clearly expressed in one of the pieces here reprinted in the section "Fugitive Prose," under the title of "Symbols in Literature," in which she adopts with pleasure Mr. Christopher Morley's statement that "the recourse of those who . . . desire to avoid the bitterness of being understood," is the fable of fantasy. But even without this, it would be plain to any one who read her prose, in which the emotion is so plainly held in leash, and compared it with her poetry, in which is shown her real intensity.

It is true that even in her poetry sometimes the habit of restraint persists, and she will end one of her lesser poems with a deliberate, mocking anticlimax. But in her greatest work there is nothing of this. There, in the "Hymn to Earth" and the love sonnet for instance, there is none of the reluctance of the aristocratic spirit to obtrude its personal affairs, for the emotion is no longer personal, it has become a universal expression. The poems show what is no doubt the greater side of her; but to see that only increases our thankful admiration for the other side as well.

I have said nothing of many of Elinor Wylie's greatest talents, her wit, for example, or her positively uncanny power of creating an atmosphere, or the marvellous technical dexterity with which she simultaneously sustains half a dozen different kinds of appeal. Those have been often spoken of, in criticism of her various works. It seems to me that her prose as a whole is informed by a spirit for which I can find no name but aristocratic; one which, like the romantic spirit, is alien to our time, but never at any time wholly absent from the world.

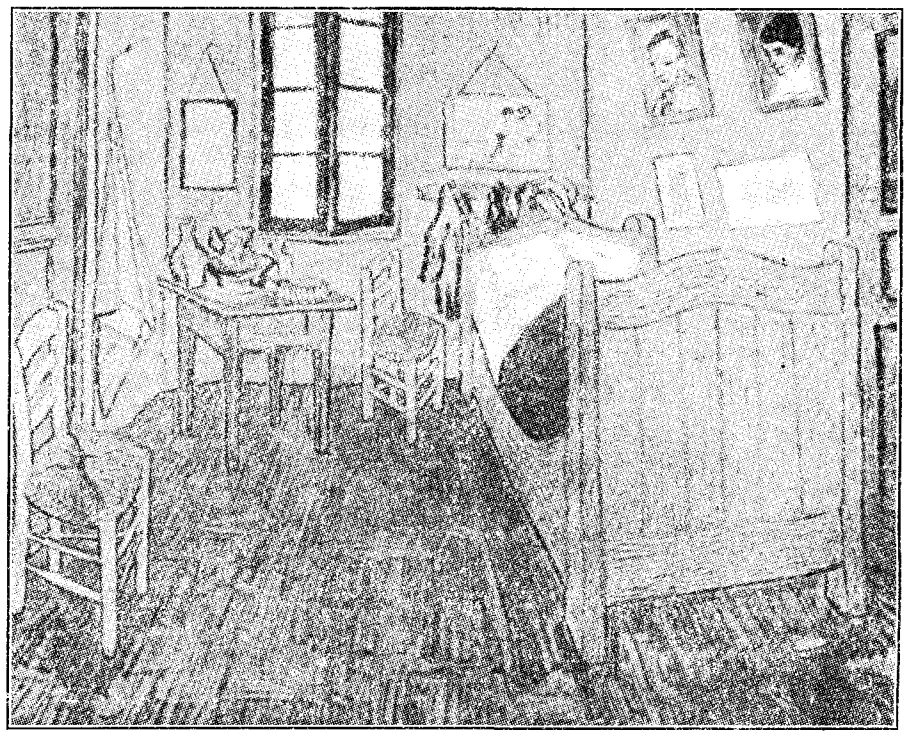
A Distracted Genius

VINCENT VAN GOGH. By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated by John Holroyd-Reece. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by MARGARET SCOLARI

SIX months after his suicide Vincent van Gogh was followed to the grave by his brother Theo to whom he had been tied by bonds which death could not loose. The inheritance of tragedy and art which they bequeathed fell upon Theo's widow, Johanna van Gogh-Bonger. To have Vincent's meteoric pictures recognized by a public which still hesitated to accept the pleasant landscapes of the impressionists and to have his letters published so that their hidden drama should not disappear with her but illumine the paintings she knew to be immortal became her unremitting task.

Since his earliest youth Vincent had communed with his brother through a constant stream of letters into which he distilled the very essence of his spirit.



VAN GOGH'S PAINTING OF HIS BEDROOM

This extraordinary correspondence, which fills no less than three large volumes, together with van Gogh's letters to Emile Bernard and to Paul Gauguin, forms the chief material of Meier-Graefe's biography. To have gathered from this ample but confused documentation every essential detail so that neither the man nor the artist is obscured, to have dramatized, vivified, clarified van Gogh's distracted genius is the achievement of a man who is not only a sensitive critic and psychologist but a creative artist.

While Meier-Graefe's interpretation of the Gauguin episode in Arles, his exaggerated antipathy for Dr. Gachet, his description of van Gogh's death are questionable, it is nevertheless the definitely subjective treatment which makes the book ring true. Because the author feels so personally about his subject he can make van Gogh's spirit live before us as vividly as do his pictures.

The exceptionally fine English translation by John Holroyd-Reece appears for the third time in the Harcourt, Brace edition. The two large volumes published by the Medici Society in 1922 were followed by the inexpensive Payson & Clarke edition of 1928, in which the number of plates was reduced from one hundred and two to sixteen clear, well chosen halftones. The Harcourt, Brace book offers sixty-one plates, uneven in quality, often ruthlessly cut down and carelessly selected so that no less than six of the key pictures emphasized in the text are omitted.

Furthermore the German edition contained a succinct critical essay in which Meier-Graefe defined the painter's style, analyzed his development, and placed him in a correct relation to his antecedents and contemporaries. That this excellent study should never have been translated is perhaps the most serious fault in the successive English vulgarizations of the German original.

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The Real Sherlock Holmes

BY ELMER DAVIS

WHO was Sherlock Holmes? Essentially an ectoplasmic emanation of two men, Conan Doyle and William Gillette. Gillette set the canonical standard of Holmes's outward appearance for all time (with the powerful assistance of Frederic Dorr Steele whose illustrations were portraits of Gillette); one of the most successful of stage burlesques, Fred Stone's in "The Red Mill," was (if memory is accurate over a space of twenty-five years) Gillette exactly, save for his height. As for the personality, Mr. Vincent Starrett in his recent book, "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes,"* rightly insists that even if some of the mannerisms came from Dr. Joseph Bell of Edinburgh, "the real Holmes was Conan Doyle himself." It was remarked some years ago, one forgets by whom, that the reason the Sherlock Holmes history lives when the average detective story is like the grass that today is, and tomorrow is cast into the furnace, is that Conan Doyle had more brains than most writers, of detective stories or of any other stories; and an extraordinary variety of interest. "To the end," Mr. Starrett observes, "he was a remarkable example of the scientific investigator touched with the curiosity and credulity of the child—an admirable blend, it would seem, for the perfect sleuth." The author of "The White Company" and the Gerard stories had good ground for thinking of himself first of all as a historical novelist; yet nobody can doubt that when Samkin Alyward and Sir Nigel and Gerard are forgotten, Sherlock Holmes will still be one of the treasures of Occidental culture. (This, of course, on the optimistic assumption that despite Nazis and communists and chemists and aviators, there will continue to be an Occidental culture.)

For Holmes, Mr. Starrett observes, is "an illusion unique in profane letters—a figure of incredible popularity, who exists in history more surely than the warriors and statesmen of his time." The various bibliographies, all incomplete, indicate that more has already been written about him than about Salisbury or Wolseley or Rosebery or Hicks-Beach—probably more than about Roberts or Chamberlain; and the disproportion in Holmes's favor will increase as time goes on. There can be few languages if any that do not know him; if you want to brush up on your Arabic, or your Swedish, or your Polish, or your Croatian, with the aid of a pony, you need go no farther than the New York Public Library to read the history of Sherlock Holmes in any of those tongues.

More significant of his stature than the translations are the parodies, the burlesques, the apocryphal additions to his history. The best of the burlesques were by Bret Harte and John Kendrick Bangs, the indubitable worst by Mark Twain; Mr. Starrett lists many others, unfortunately omitting O. Henry's amusing tale of the success of Shamrock Jolnes in finding the missing scrubwoman. Of the foreign imitations some, such as Leblanc's "Arsène Lupin vs. Herlock Sholmes," were apparently authorized, or at least condoned; Spain was a particularly fertile soil for the piracies, of which the most successful seems to have been "La captura de Raffles, o el triunfo de Holmes"; and this reviewer purchased in 1912, at a Constantinople bookstall chiefly devoted to histories, in the language of Æschylus and Thucydides, of *Mpouphalo Mpil* and *Nik Karter*, a yellow-backed volume entitled "Abdoul Chamit Kai Serlock Cholms," whose subsequent loss is an enduring regret.

Obviously research into the history of a figure of such universal interest is considerably more worth while than the dreary trivialities of the average Ph.D. thesis; and there has been a great deal of it, conducted by men of more mature insight than the ordinary graduate student. Mr. Starrett, as the most recent of these critical historians, has some illuminating comments; yet it is to be regretted that he did not dig deeper into the private life itself. His book is a miscellany of valuable and entertaining essays most of which, inevitably, deal with Holmes's public life and the public appreciation of his services. To what Mr. Starrett has to say, and what he omits, about the private life of Holmes (and the more obscure and fascinating private life of Watson) we shall return presently; meanwhile for the other chapters. They include, along with a detailed history of Holmes's work, a list (admittedly incomplete) of the cases mentioned at various times by Dr. Watson and never recounted in detail; the Holmes examination papers set by Desmond McCarthy and E. V. Knox; an account of the various representations of Holmes in illustration, on the stage, and on the screen; and a valuable study of the various parodies, burlesques, piracies, and imitations of his work.

Holmes had less private life than most men—virtually none at all, after he met Watson, except for the two years of travel in Tibet; but much remains to be done in the elucidation of the early years which formed his character. Practically all the information we have on this subject is contained in "The Gloria Scott," "The Musgrave Ritual," and "The Greek Interpreter." Mr. Starrett suggests that Holmes's mother was a Miss Mycroft, for whose family the elder brother was named; the name Sherlock was perhaps bestowed by Holmes's father (a country squire, and inferentially a sportsman) in honor of a famous cricketer of the time, against whose bowling a certain young Dr. Doyle of Southsea was once proud to make thirty runs.

Where was Holmes educated, and for how long? In "The Gloria Scott" he speaks of "my two years at college"; in "The Musgrave Ritual" of "my last years at the university." Mr. Starrett chooses to take this latter as a figure of speech, but it seems open to a different interpretation. In the two years, when Holmes became a friend of Victor Trevor, "my line of study was quite distinct," but it had been "the merest hobby" until the uneasy admiration of Trevor's father led to the suggestion that it might become a profession. Is it not conceivable that Holmes, with his ambition thus aroused, may have returned to the university (or matriculated at a different university) in order to perfect himself in chemistry, botany, and pharmacology? This latter university was almost certainly Cambridge; one might have inferred London or Edinburgh but for the explicit statement that Reginald Musgrave was in Holmes's college. This limits the choice to Oxford and Cambridge; and of the two a scientist at almost any epoch must have preferred Cambridge. The "college" (curious locution for the Englishman Holmes, or even for Conan Doyle the Iro-Scot) at which Holmes knew Trevor cannot at present be identified; but it is at least possible that Holmes may have been one of that small but distinguished company, including King Edward VII and Charles Stuart Calverley, who were both Oxford and Cambridge men.

Much has been written about the contrast between Holmes's colossal ignorance of literature, history, and philosophy when Doyle first met him, and the breadth of learning which he later displayed; but the apparent inconsistency may easily be reconciled. One of the most brilliant and most variously learned men ever known to this reviewer had been a notorious idler at college; not till he went to work for a living did his ambition and curiosity become aroused. Holmes may have paid little attention to studies of any sort in the putative Oxford years; when he went to Cambridge he was already specializing and concentrating for his life work. As he grew older and his experiences broadened he doubtless realized that many subjects, earlier ignored, might be useful as well as interesting; very possibly the time came when he no longer chose to forget that the earth goes around the sun.

Holmes's indifference to women, however, would repay a more thorough analysis. Granted his peculiar temperament, the man was human; it is hardly conceivable that he never, in his youth, was transfixed by Cupid's dart. Such an experience may be posited on grounds of general plausibility and its nature may be inferred from Holmes's tremendous and unique admiration for Irene Adler. Her intelligence, her coolness, her resource, her sportsmanship and good humor—all these captivated him; the fact that her reputation was "dubious and questionable," by the standards of the eighties, disturbed him not at all. Dr. Watson was less tolerant; Holmes's attitude is explicable only on the hypothesis of some emotional experience which had disgusted him with mere chastity, and had burned into him the truth that desire is no guarantee of intellectual compatibility, or indeed of any intellect at all. Must we not suppose that in youth he was strongly attracted to some blameless nitwit, perhaps the daughter of a neighboring county family; and that the discovery, happily not too belated, of her stupidity or lack of spirit sickened him not only of her, but of an emotion which such a woman—even such a woman—could inspire? "He never spoke of the softer passions," Dr. Watson records, "save with a gibe and a sneer." Such bitterness is not the fruit of mere indifference or inexperience.

There remains the more perplexing, perhaps the more sinister problem of the love life of Dr. Watson.

S. C. Roberts's "Dr. Watson," published in London in 1931, is the fullest and best, but not yet the definitive, biography of this enigmatic figure—perhaps the most typical of late-Victorian middle-class Englishmen, behind whose commonplace and stodgy front research reveals depths of psychological complexity still unplumbed. Watson's memory, Starrett points out, is "notoriously faulty," but that does not explain all the discrepancies in the autobiographical data which he has furnished; the man seems to have been capable of deception, and no doubt of self-deception as well. What was too uncomfortable he could forget. A really thorough analysis might prove him as untrustworthy in many details, as unpredictably correct in others, as the Scriptores Historiae Augustae.

Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Roberts's reconstruction of the chronology of Dr. Watson's first marriage, a matter on which some of the sources are demonstrably in error, is a feat of which British scholarship may well be proud; but it is impossible to follow his comfortable conviction that the marriage was unusually happy. For the first year or so it may well have been; but thereafter enters the problem of what Roberts calls Watson's "intermittent resumption of partnership with Holmes," whose treatment has been such that one can only suppose that it has been considered by none but bachelors. Mrs. Watson, says Roberts (and virtually all commentators agree with him) "maintained a continuous sympathy" with this friendship and collaboration; which if true would prove her more inhuman than the misogynist Holmes. What woman who loves her husband would willingly acquiesce in his repeated absences from home, of indefinite length and on the shortest notice? The conclusion is inescapable that the romance engendered by the pursuit of the Agra treasure soon palled under the strain of domesticity; that either Mary Morstan Watson was always glad enough to see her husband leave home, or that he was deliberately blind to her dissatisfaction, and was careful to leave no hint of it in the record.

The evidence is indeed susceptible of a darker interpretation; Mrs. Watson's increasingly frequent absences from home after the second or third year of her marriage may suggest that home life had become intolerable — possibly, even, that either she or her husband had been attracted elsewhere; of which irregularity, had it befallen his wife or *a fortiori* himself, we may be sure that Dr. Watson would have said not a word, as becomes the strong silent Englishman. But this is no more than a possibility; the logic of the case points to increasing boredom rather than active estrangement, and if Watson showed the "ravages of grief and worry" after his wife's death, as Roberts suggests, his dominant emotion may have been remorse rather than bereaved desolation.

Some years after Mary Morstan Watson's death—at the end of 1902— her husband remarried. Starrett doubts this, but to sustain his doubt he must question the authenticity of the entire "Case Book of Sherlock Holmes," on no sounder grounds than its inferiority to the earlier reports. Such a sweeping dismissal of documents whose genuineness is strongly corroborated by internal evidence is worthy of German scholarship at its worst; they must be accepted as authentic, if of an inferior vintage; and one of them — "The Blanched Soldier"—is direct and primary

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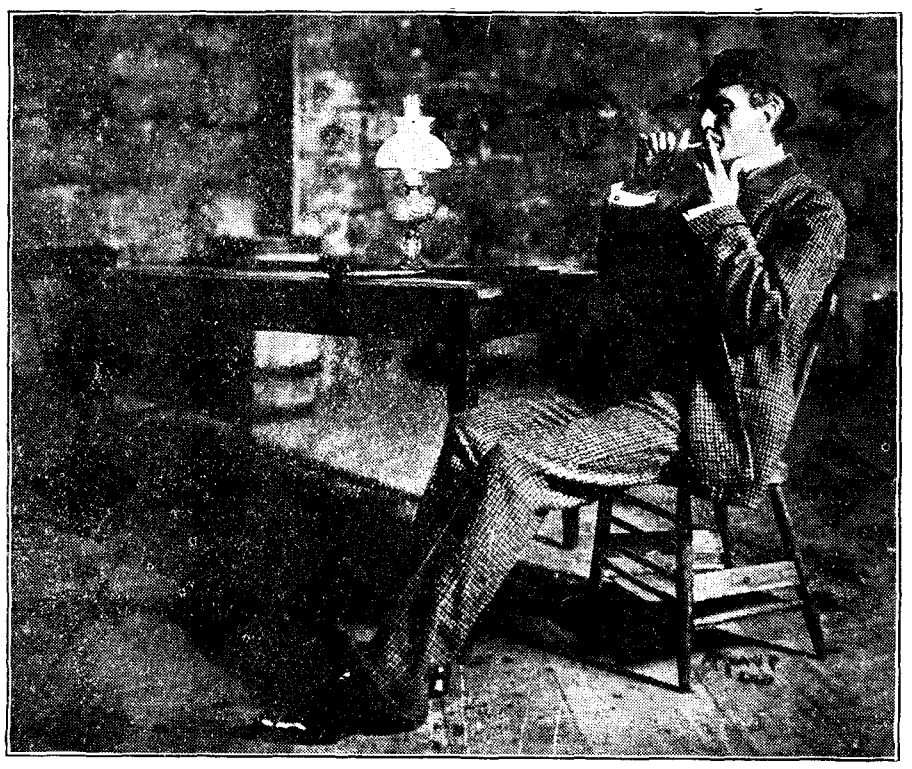

WILLIAM GILLETTE AS SHERLOCK HOLMES
Courtesy of Doubleday, Doran & Co.

* *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By Vincent Starrett. New York: The Macmillan Company.* 1933. $2.

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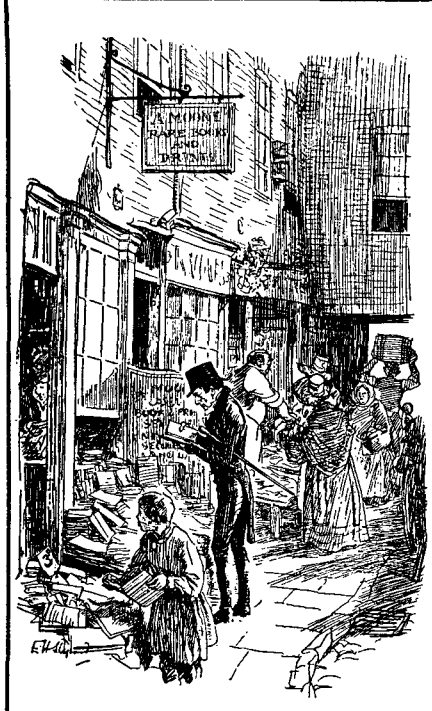

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The Real Sherlock Holmes

(*Continued from preceding page*)

authority for the fact and (within narrow limits) the date of the second marriage.

Who was the lady? Roberts suggests Miss Violet de Merville, one-time fiancée of the wicked Baron Adelbert von Gruner, and protegée of that Illustrious Client whose identity, if it was ever in any doubt, can be in doubt no longer. But the evidence adduced in support of this theory is mere inference, and the probabilities are powerfully against it. Miss de Merville, with the "ethereal other-world beauty of a fanatic," and a "will of iron," was hardly the woman to attract a prudent middle-aged widower; if Dr. Watson had really had that "experience of women extending over many nations and three separate continents" of which he boasts in "The Sign of Four" (Roberts manages to cast grave doubt on two of the continents) he must have known that she was more dangerous than dynamite, supremely the sort of woman to avoid. Moreover, so solidly conventional a late Victorian as Watson would have been unlikely to want to marry a woman who had "doted upon" and "been obsessed by" the infamous Gruner; nor, possibly, would he have been drawn to one who had enlisted the interest, however chivalrous and paternal, of his sovereign.

But there is direct evidence which renders this theory completely untenable. When Sir James Damery, having reported to Holmes the successful disenchantment of Miss de Merville, left the rooms on Baker Street, Watson left with him, "as I was myself overdue." Overdue where? Not at the bedside of a patient; since Holmes's distant cousin Dr. Verner had bought up his practice in 1894 he had not gone back to his profession. Overdue, obviously, in the drawing-room of a fiancée who did not take his involvement in Holmes's affairs as lightly as had Mary Morstan Watson. And now appears the significance of a fact which Roberts unaccountably dismisses as of small importance—Watson's departure from Baker Street in September 1902 to quarters of his own.

This happened before Watson met Miss de Merville—if indeed he ever met her at all, of which we have not the slightest proof. Can it be doubted that the second Mrs. Watson put her foot down well in advance of the ceremony, and made it a condition precedent of her acceptance that her husband should have no more to do with the sort of people he knew before he was married—*i.e.*, conspicuously with Sherlock Holmes? The probability is supported by Holmes's own words in "The Blanched Soldier"—"the good Watson had lately deserted me for a wife, the only selfish action which I recall in our association." This clearly refers to the second marriage; there was nothing selfish about the first marriage because Mary Morstan Watson, from indifference or complaisance, never objected when her husband went off with Holmes. The second Mrs. Watson, obviously, was made of sterner stuff.

Further, it may be inferred that she had known the first Mrs. Watson, and had observed at first-hand the Doctor's frequent dartings away from the fireside. Not a relative, for Mary Morstan had no relatives in England; but, considering the difference in age, she might well have been one of the daughters of Mrs. Cecil Forrester to whom Mary Morstan was once the governess. Some one, at any rate, who knew the circumstances well enough to tell the amorous doctor, "I don't intend to go through what poor Mary suffered"; or (on the alternative hypothesis that it was the first Mrs. Watson rather than her husband whose love grew cold) "I care enough for you to want you to stay at home."

At any rate, there is ground for believing that this was the end of a world-famous partnership. Starrett shows that Roberts is in error in dating Holmes's retirement to bee-keeping in Sussex in 1907; it happened in 1904, within two years of Watson's remarriage. Is it not probable that after a quarter of a century of practice Holmes had found his cases increasingly monotonous, history repeating itself; and that he was no longer inclined to go on with his work—when it could no longer be set down in that public record which he always (but with what transparent insincerity!) pretended to scorn? It is significant that the final adventure of the two ("His Last Bow," the events of which occurred in August 1914) is chronicled by an unknown third person; and that (as Roberts notes, without apparently perceiving the implication) Holmes and Watson had not met for some years previously.

These are all matters that deserve the serious attention of scholars, and will undoubtedly receive it. The sort of research worker who delights in studies of the iota subscript, or the use of prepositions in Chaucer, or an analysis of the duties of the high-school janitor, may feel himself superior to these investigations of the history of Holmes and Watson; actually competent historians should not. "What a picture," says Starrett, "the reminiscences disclose of London at the century's end! Is it too much to claim that social historians in the years to come are more likely to return to Watson than to the dull McCarthy and the sardonic Strachey?" And one need not be a historian to find eternal fascination in the study of these two great personalities. For "they still live," says Starrett, "in a romantic chamber of the heart: in a nostalgic country of the mind: where it is always 1895."

Children's Bookshelf

JUST ACROSS THE STREET. By Rachel Field. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $1.50.

THIS is a city idyll. It tells of Joe and Katy's eight-year-old adventures in a neighborly city street. We suspect that the city *may* be New York. Mention is made of the elevated and the Avenue; but there is also a peacock who comes out of his house as a herald of spring, with the first warm days, and an Indian princess (wooden, it must be admitted) housed in an antique shop. A more exotic street, therefore, than most of us know.

In any case, New York or not, Miss Field has managed to make the street a pleasant one. Mr. Simpson, the antique dealer who is devoted to his wooden Indian princess, the Misses Willoughby, Mrs. Klotz, the newspaper woman and Mr. Twitchell, the man with the typewriter, are amiable, sympathetic, but not dull neighbors for Joe and Katy. When depression descends on the street, Mr. Simpson is obliged to lose his much-prized Indian. Joe manages to stowaway with her when she is snatched off in a truck and finally rescues her. That is the plot.

Miss Field's grave, humorous style brings the story to life. It is not as unusual a book as her "Hitty," but it is one that her young readers will like.

GOLDEN TALES OF THE PRAIRIE STATES. Selected by May Lamberton Becker. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

ABROAD picture of a section of our United States and of a comprehensive period of our history is given in a simple but effective way in this new anthology of stories compiled by Mrs. Becker. The interests and activities and mental tenor of our mid-western states during a rather broad period covered by "anything back of the motor car" are reflected in these tales—and reflected in great variety. Mrs. Becker has a real flair for selection. She has resurrected much material lost in old magazines, and has used also from certain books—well known or otherwise—chapters which can stand alone as episodes or stories. Thus she ranges all the way from "Main Street" to forgotten issues of the *Outlook* or *McClure's*, and from a modern name such as Ruth Suckow or Sherwood Anderson to Mr. Dooley with his flavor of past days. Some of her selections are chosen for their imaginative quality, some for realism, some simply for background. But each one is worth while and contributes its quota to the ultimate effect of a book which should have its distinct value both for old and young, in picturing things that are past or very rapidly passing. Already in the same series are "Golden Tales of the Old South" and "Golden Tales of New England."

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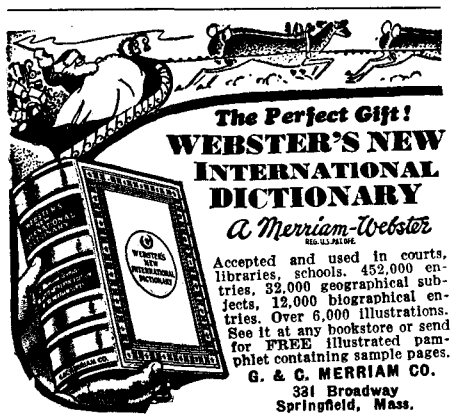

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SINGING IN A BANK

ROBERT M. McBRIDE publishes a little book that he declares "the best of *Chesterton,*" and so it is, the best of Chesterton's past essays—at least according to *E. V. Knox* of *Punch* who made the selections. Fortunately it fits the pocket (and the pocket-book, if you have a dollar.) I like my copy, it revives my youth, a golden age in which I read Chesterton's essays avidly. The volume is called "On Running After One's Hat," which is a nice title. *And,* among Knox's selections is that incomparable essay about "The Little Birds Who Won't Sing." Perhaps you remember how it goes: "If reapers sing while reaping, why should not auditors sing while auditing and bankers while banking?" With this thought in mind, the poet that is Chesterton begins to make up some of the songs that they might sing. And now it occurs to me forcibly that in the late Depression—if it *is* late—when we experienced both a Bank Holiday and a financial crisis, we did ill to forget (or the *bankers* did ill to forget!) these spirited verses of G. K. C's:

There's a run upon the Bank—
Stand away!
For the Manager's a crank and the Secretary drank, and
the upper Tooting Bank
Turns to bay!
Stand close: there is a run
On the Bank.
Of our ship, our royal one, let the ringing legend run,
that she fired every gun
Ere she sank.

But when the poet submitted his verses to a friend of his in London, who was *actually* in a bank, the opinion seemed to be that there was "an indefinable something in the very atmosphere of the society in which we live that makes it spiritually difficult to sing in banks." That is true. And perhaps we are now beginning to find out that it is also significant!

MR. BAILEY AND MR. FORTUNE

On December 6th Doubleday, Doran & Co., through the Crime Club, is bringing out *H. C. Bailey's* "Mr. Fortune Wonders." A near relative of mine is quoted on the jacket flap, and I wish to lift just a scrap of what *Stephen Vincent Benét* says—

> Perhaps Mr. Reginald Fortune comes nearest to the dream of all good detective-story readers—the dream of the lamp lit again in Baker Street, the fog settling down outside and Watson smoking his pipe by the fire when the knock comes on the door. Not that Fortune is in any sense an imitation of Holmes—he is a distinct and admirable creation, with his individual mannerisms and methods. When he says, as he sometimes does, 'not a nice murder, Lomas,' one feels the cold and authentic shiver in the spine."

Like my brother, I am an H. C. Bailey "fan." This is the eighth book of Reggie Fortune's adventures, and if it were the twenty-eighth I should be just as eager to read it. And I am particularly pleased with the way the publishers have made this particular book—credit where credit is due. In the first place they have used a drawing on the jacket by that past-master of "shuddery" drawings, *Frederic Dorr Steele,* the only artist—in my opinion—who actually realized the potentialities of Sherlock Holmes for purposes of illustration. The end-papers are also by Steele, and a red leaf prefixed to each separate story bears a Steele drawing in pen-and-ink. Also Mr. H. C. Bailey signs a description of Mr. Fortune in the front of the book. The whole affair makes me anxious to leave the office as early as I can, catch an early bite of dinner, and then prop myself up with pillows to indulge in that ancient vice of bookworms known as "reading in bed." I know that along about the third story I shall begin looking nervously around the room beyond the circle of light cast by the little lamp on the bedside table. But then that is the fun of reading about special advisers to Scotland Yard!

A LAMB AND HIS SHEPARD

The above subhead couldn't help but come patly as I looked at the jacket of "Everybody's Lamb," a selection of the Essays of Elia, of the Letters, and the Miscellaneous Prose, all edited by *A. C. Ward,* and published by Harcourt, Brace & Company. For here is one of my very favorite draughtsmen, *Ernest H. Shepard,* doing work that surely he was partly born for, illustrating these pages even better than *H. C. Brock,* adding inimitably to the delights of Lamb. Of course some modern people don't find Lamb delightful. *Ford Madox Ford* has confessed that he differed sharply with *E. V. Lucas* in respect to this writer. "Elia" and "R. L. S." are intimate names that serve either as poison or a red rag to certain minds. These minds have always a most profound distrust for the "charming," and in their tough-mindedness lose sight of the fact that there is no inconsiderable toughness of mind both in Stevenson and in Lamb. Mr. Ward, in his introduction, speaks of the Edwardian idea of Lamb as "a pre-Victorian sugar-daddy distributing kisses and kindliness all round." His admirers made him just too wistful and whimsical for any bearing. After 1914, however, says Mr. Ward, "investigating afresh for ourselves, we welcomed the discovery of a hard core of common-sense in Lamb, and a streak of contempt for the namby-pamby which refreshingly tempered his more genial qualities . . . Lamb *was* 'gentle Elia'; but much more also." That certainly sounds like sense to me. That is why I like Lamb's company upon occasion. I am not an uncritical raver over his writing. I can take my Lamb or leave it alone. My lamb may prove another man's veal. But one thing I am sure of. This book, "Everybody's Lamb," with the Shepard illustrations, is going to furnish me some grand hours of rediscovery and entertainment this winter. I may mention in closing that Mr. Shepard made the pictures to a companion book, "Everybody's Boswell," edited and abridged from *James Boswell's* complete text by *Frank V. Morley,* younger brother of the conductor of the Morley Omnibus and the Sir Francis Drake of our own *Bowling Green.*

BANVILLE AND HOUSMAN

Several people have written to me concerning *Dr. Corbett* and *Housman,* or *Heine* and *Housman;* but *Arthur J. Carr* of Ann Arbor, Michigan, reminds me of a similarity between the prefatory poem to "Last Poems" and *Théodore de Banville's* "Nous n'irons plus au bois." Housman says, in lovely verse,

Oh, we'll to the woods no more
The laurels are all cut. . . .

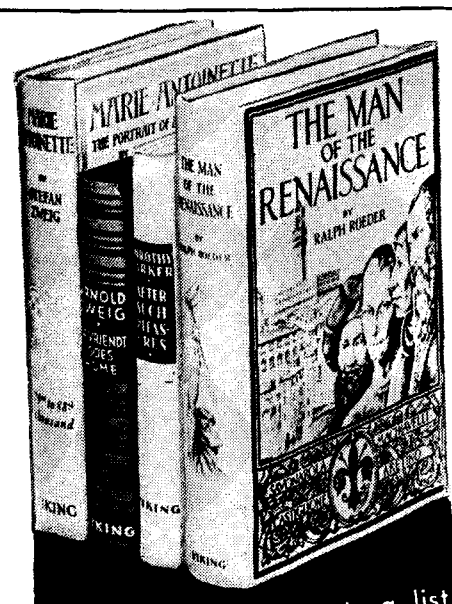
But, after all, Banville's lines are so famous that no one could be said to be plagiarizing in adapting them. One of *Elinor Wylie's* earliest sonnets was entitled "Les Lauriers sont Coupés." Banville's line is so striking that it must induce lasting vibrations in anyone with the poetic spirit. It is an inspired line and has furnished a text for inspired people. In case my readers should like to refresh their memories with Banville's complete poem, Mr. Carr kindly furnishes me a copy of it:

Théodore de Banville:

Nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupés.
Les Amours des Bassins, les Naiades en groupe
Voient reluire au soleil en cristaux découpés
Les flots silencieux qui coulaient de leur coupe.
Les lauriers sont coupés, et le cerf aux abois
Tressaille au son du cor; nous n'irons plus au bois,
Où des enfants charmants riait la folle troupe
Sous les regards des lys aux pleurs du ciel trempés.
Voici l'herbe qu'on fauche et les lauriers qu'on coupe.
Nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupés.

FOOTNOTES

American Poetry Journal, Editor *Frances Frost,* is announcing features by such poets as Marie Gilchrist, Conrad Aiken, Robert Hillyer, S. Foster Damon, James Rorty, John A. Holmes. Now on the next to last page of this magazine there is always a discussion of poetry and non-poetry in current publications. . . . *Proscenium,* published by the Repertory Playhouse Associates, beginning with its March issue, seeks contributions of short articles on the theatre or subjects related to the theatre. Contributors to date have included, Alfred Kreymborg, Edouard D. Lindeman, Alain Locke, Winthrop Sergeant, and so on. Contributions should be addressed *Proscenium,* Editor Repertory Playhouse Associates, 1034 Lexington Avenue, New York City.



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The Life Insurance Business

HOW SAFE IS LIFE INSURANCE? By L. Seth Schnitman. New York: Vanguard Press. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by RAINARD B. ROBBINS

ACCORDING to this book the life insurance business is "floundering." The stupidity of overpaid presidents and vice-presidents in dealing with investment problems has led to most of our present ills and has compelled foreclosures of mortgages on farms, private dwellings, apartment houses, and business buildings. The companies also hold large quantities of defaulted bonds of various kinds. If our life companies had refused to lend this money, the expansion which brought the depression in its wake would not have occurred.

Furthermore, while the agency method of selling insurance may have been of use at one time it "is of no use now." The companies should rely more heavily on advertising and on "the undeniable fact that today all intelligent men and women are so completely 'sold' upon the principles of life insurance that they themselves will seek to establish insurance estates if only our life companies will be brutally frank with them on the intimate details of their own business." The executives have expensive offices and receive high salaries; the employees get free lunches and the use of gymnasiums and hospitals (the author fails to note that they also get vacations). The companies publish tons of literature for free distribution, presumably in the interest of public health.

"Our life companies, *per se,* have not added one single minute to our lives." (The results of all health propaganda and medical examinations of policyholders have apparently been nil.) "The cancellation of policies is a source of huge profits to the companies." (The company actuaries must be mistaken in thinking that the companies lose on most lapses.) Noting that the companies require special information in considering applications from aviation enthusiasts, the author inquires: "Is it that they seek to set higher premium rates for those who travel by air, although the risks are actually materially lower than those involved in rail transportation?" The implication is that our life companies try by underwriting methods "to impede the progress of air transportation" because "their stake in railroads is too large."

The remedy?—Insurance by the United States Government, compulsory to the extent of $10,000 for certain professional classes, $5,000 for middle classes, and $2,500 for clerical workers. Of the income to the government, estimated at ten billion dollars a year, five billion would cover payments to policyholders, half a billion would pay expenses, and the remainder would be used to do away with income taxes and to pay off the public debt. In this way the institution of life insurance can be "so improved as to banish, forever, want and poverty from the 30,000,000 homes of our people."

So says Seth Schnitman. Experiences of the past few years indicate that in the field of finance there are no supermen. The mightiest have been humbled. But the author points to no class of financial institutions which has stood the tests of the depression as well as have our life insurance companies.

The author's manner of presenting defects which deserve serious attention is such as to undermine the careful reader's confidence in his conclusions.

There can be no doubt that nepotism should be held up to the withering light of publicity at every opportunity; only so can its degenerative effects be minimized. The large salaries of a few life insurance executives cannot be justified in the minds of many, but fairness in the statement of these salaries requires deduction of the substantial parts which have been "socialized" through taxation. The strangle hold of the agency system should be weakened, but it has not been demonstrated that a substantial development of voluntary life insurance can be accomplished without personal solicitors.

The large volume of insurance lapses is one of the outstanding social shortcomings of the life insurance business. It needs no misrepresentation to make it impressive. One who is as conversant with life insurance statistics as the author of this book should find the correct answers to his sophomoric questions as to why a policyholder is charged interest on a policy loan and why he must continue to pay the full premium on his policy after it is mortgaged by a loan. Like the endowment fallacy that the death benefit should be the face of the policy plus the reserve on the policy at the time of death, these questions are as old as legal reserve life insurance and have often puzzled the lay mind. The scientific basis of life insurance has its pitfalls for the uninitiated. The cure for a little information is more knowledge. Those who have spent years in mastering the groundwork of this business are apt to be impatient with one who glibly attempts to judge without acquainting himself thoroughly with these fundamentals. The life insurance business has its faults—due, of course, to the fact that the business must be conducted by mere human beings. The fundamental principle of sharing risk is in no sense dependent upon our political or social philosophy. The methods of conducting the business are the consequences of the fact that ours is an individualistic society with profit as the incentive.

Without question, it is good for this or any other business to be jolted out of its lethargy and self-complacency by occasional vigorous criticism of its methods. Unfortunately, Mr. Schnitman is not well qualified for his task and it is to be feared that his book will do harm with those who are in a mood to grasp at half-baked criticisms and who do not have the background necessary to appraise his work.

Rainard B. Robbins is secretary and actuary for annuities of the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association of America.

The Private Life of Johannes Brahms

THE UNKNOWN BRAHMS. By Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by A. TILLMAN MERRITT

JUST in time to be released for the centenary of Brahms's birth comes a new biography of the famous musician from Robert Haven Schauffler, author of "Beethoven: The Man Who Freed Music." "The Unknown Brahms," Mr. Schauffler suggests in the foreword, contains a wealth of information which he has collected over a period of years and which has never before found its way into print—either because it was simply neglected or because it was actually suppressed by persons too desirous of keeping Brahms's personal reputation unsmirched. This information, together with the fact that the author confesses to have "made certain discoveries about his (Brahms's) music," leads to the writing of the book.

Mr. Schauffler makes no pretense of keeping himself out of the book. Part One is concerned with the narration of his peregrinations in search of stories and of the adventures he had in the quest. He traveled extensively in Germany, Austria, and Italy, and even succeeded in gleaning some information from a tennis partner in Paris.

A comparatively short section of the book is occupied with the high spots of Brahms's life as everybody knows it—"The Known Brahms." There is nothing more astonishing here than the neat explosion of a few statements made by earlier biographers.

Then we are launched into the main part of the book, "Aspects of the Unknown Brahms." Here we get the goods on the composer. Each person miraculously comes forward with his own version of how Brahms loved the little children, how he hid his modesty under a hard shell of gruffness, how he never lacked words for any occasion, how he furiously hated and properly dealt with over-anxious admirers, how underneath it all he had the kindest heart and so on. For each one of these and many other qualities there are enough anecdotes to fill a chapter.

And finally comes Chapter XX—the one which the author more than hints at in the foreword as being the most important of all. The stories would reveal Brahms as he really was, and in a good many cases they were obtained at the cost of unusual embarrassment on the part of modest people who related them. Prefacing the chapter are appropriate quotations which will mollify those who are squeamish about going into the gruesome details of the composer's *vie d'amour.* Psychoanalysts including no less an authority than Freud are called in to aid, and we find that the composer was a victim of circumstances, and that "he should not be held responsible for his unsavory habits"—that is, his life-long predilection for frequenting houses of ill-repute and for avoiding intimate relations with respectable women. Mr. Schauffler concludes that, as a matter of fact, these habits actually enabled Brahms to devote his undivided attention to his music, and "because they made for more complete sublimation, these dung-like things seem to have helped his art to a richer flowering." "Aspects of the Unknown Brahms" finishes with a chapter on the last days and hours of the composer, and includes a confession never before made by his housekeeper of the details of the great man's death.

The author has to deal rather sketchily with Brahms's music because of the size of the task, and actually in a few places he descends to a mere naming of the pieces which please him. Ridiculously small sequences of notes which are bound to be used by practically all composers and which have little intrinsic significance are cited as germ- and source-motives, and certain athletically-minded types of lines (many of them simple arpeggios) acquire the titles of "ladder-tunes" and "trapeze-melodies." However, Mr. Schauffler has a tremendous enthusiasm for Brahms's music and certainly not an indiscriminate judgment of it.

A. Tillman Merritt is a member of the Department of Music at Harvard University.

Edward X. Kapp, whose cartoon of Mussolini the *Saturday Review* published not long ago, is engaged on a series of twenty-five portraits of statesmen and others interested in international peace, chiefly of delegates to the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference at Geneva.

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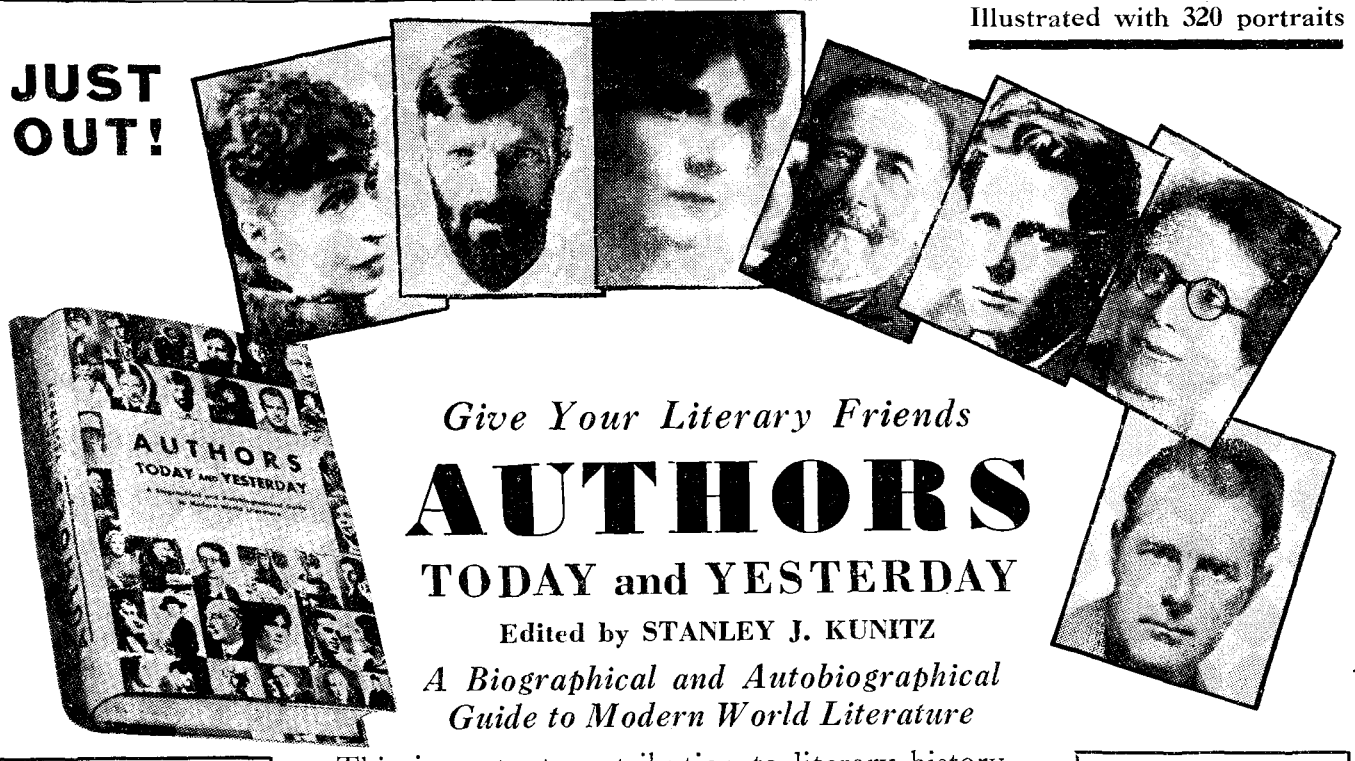

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Edited by F. N. Robinson. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $4.

A lifetime of devotion to the text of a single author is a rare phenomenon in these days of hurried and journeyman work. When it results, as Professor Robinson's text of Chaucer has resulted, in a volume satisfying alike to the eye and to the hand, it is a cause of double congratulation. It should be a matter of pride to all American scholars that what is by far the best text of a first-grade English poet is the work of an American editor. With this single volume, a teacher in a school or college has a perfectly adequate apparatus for an excellent course in Chaucer. Indeed, it is extraordinary that there can be packed into such moderate compass such a wide range of selections from various commentators. Professor Robinson's attitude is one of kindly consideration, and good sense always is his guide. The book seems to be practically without error in typography, the omission of a grave accent in a word used as an example of pronunciation being the only one so far discovered by a teacher who is using the book in daily classroom practice.

H. N. McC.

Fiction

FOOTNOTE TO YOUTH. By José Garcia Villa. Scribners. 1933. $2.50.

Mr. Villa is a young Filipino who attended the University of New Mexico and later studied at Columbia. The bewilderment into which life in the United States naturally threw the sensitive young Oriental was eased by the peace and austere beauty of the desert. He began to write, and in working, to feel more at home, to experience what he calls "my white birth —a white cool birth in a new land."

His stories are a curious mixture of the heterogeneous influences to which he has been subjected, including, evidently, an ample dash of Mr. Sherwood Anderson. Most of them will seem rather vague and flickering to the average American. There are lyric passages filled with exotic feeling; moments when the writer is a poet; others, when he writes such lines as: "He learned the name of the man with whom she ran away. He was a vicinal acquaintance, a big massive fellow with a quadrate face and pileous arms and chest. Pedrong, the people appellated him"—when he seems still the Oriental schoolboy.

Three of the tales treat of the effect on different personalities of a Filipino patriot and hero, Dr. José Rizal, and one of these, "Daughter of Rizal," combines as effectively as any, perhaps, the writer's characteristic matter and style with a comparatively "American" pattern. It is a blind girl's story of her mother's hopeless passion for Rizal. As a girl, the mother had tended her father's little stationery store near the Ateneo where the young Rizal went to school. She fell in love with the boy when he came in one day to buy a notebook.

> In her breast an empty spot had risen, and then quickly it was filling, quickly it was warming—she could not understand what it was. A warm river was coursing through her, and her blood was no longer blood, but gold and flowers and wind. There was much noise inside of her, as if she were made of little machines, and all the machines were thumping, beating loudly.

She married later and bore her husband three children but never loved him. When Rizal was executed, she insisted on going to the execution. She fainted as she saw him fall, and her child, born shortly afterward, was born blind—because of the shock, the doctor said. But the blind girl isn't sorry she was born blind, and doesn't blame her mother for anything. "I am the daughter of my mother, and the daughter of Rizal, and the daughter of Rizal. I understand." Rizal had no children of his own.

The young Filipino sees things in terms of fundamental feeling, untouched with the usual preoccupations with surface banalities. It would be interesting to see such a fresh, "outside" point of view turned on the life of our own country.

MIRROR FOR TOBY. By Cecily Hallack. Macmillan. 1933. $2.

Miss Hallack has written an exceedingly romantic tale about a young concert singer named Toby. Toby falls in love with a woman and she falls equally in love with him. Nothing seems to stand in the way of an immediate and happy ending. Then Toby disappears, with no explanation to the girl. Up to a point the story moves along convincingly enough in its own romantic tradition with a pleasant ease both in character and events but when Toby's horrible secret turns out to be insanity in his family which precludes his marrying and having children one feels decidedly cheated that he had never told the girl who seems quite adequate to such a situation. The credulity of the gentle reader is further taxed in a final scene where a benevolent priest with a very rudimentary conception of psycho-analysis convinces Toby that he actually bears no taint and is quite free to marry happily.

G. G.

THE BISHOP OF HAVANA. By Pendleton Hogan. Washburn. 1933. $2.

This is a first novel which has echoes of Mr. Thornton Wilder on every page, but unhappily lacks the exquisite and self-concealing art by which Mr. Wilder can write with what he calls, in the letters of the Marquesa de Montemayor, "the whole flamboyance of the Spanish language" and yet avoid the overstrained or absurd. It lacks, too, the magic touch (which comes partly, but only partly, from a perfect knowledge of the background) that enables Mr. Wilder to be fantastic and still convincing. "The Bishop of Havana" constantly gives one the impression of seeing "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" in a distorting mirror.

The setting is similar: Havana and San Augustin in the eighteenth century. The manner of narration is at least an attempt at Mr. Wilder's manner of weaving in new characters with their previous histories told as they appear. The problem and the answer are the same: the Bishop is advancing upon a death which has been

(*Continued on page* 313)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER FLIES THE ATLANTIC *Stanley Hart Page* (King: $2.)	Carnival of crime on a Transatlantic Air Liner finally quelled by Christopher Hand after many murders.	Unusual background tends to run away with the story which is pretty much along average lines.	Middlin
THE MURDERS AT LOON LAKE *Kenneth Whipple* (King: $2.)	Epidemic of shooting, arson, etc. at college chum's reunion stopped by surviving reuner.	Horror piled on so thick that it finally becomes rather ridiculous.	Tedious
DEATH BY CLUE *Henry C. Beck* (Dutton: $2.)	Indiscriminate slaughter of literary folk and clergy stopped by clever priest and burly Jersey 'tec.	Good idea (reminiscent of Arabian Nights tale) and capital background, but too wordy and confused.	Below par
DEATH SAILS THE NILE *F. Burks McKinley* (Stratford: $2.)	Cooped up in a dahabea three of its nine white passengers are murdered on a trip up the Nile. Girl newspaper reporter traps murderer.	Authentic Egyptian background succeeds in producing unique atmosphere of terror. Plenty of clues and strange occurrences.	Good

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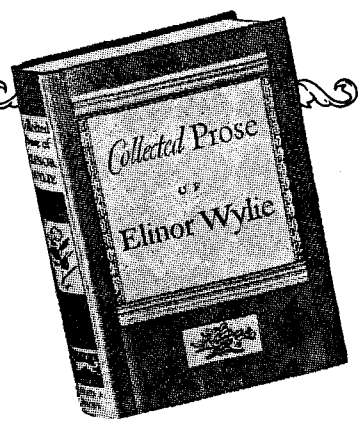

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READING FOR AN INVALID

"THERE'S luck in odd numbers," said Rory O'More. And so that there may be luck in the list we draw up for *B. de C.L. of Evermeu, France,* who wants books to beguile an invalid friend into forgetfulness of her plight, we're selecting an uneven number of titles instead of the half dozen for which she asked. We're including in our list something old and something new (which, if the old jingle holds true, helps to assure good fortune), and we're compiling it in compliance with B. de C. L.'s request that the books we choose be "gay, but not too sophisticated nor too long," and, if possible, in cheap editions. We make provision for something old for one reason only, and that is because personally we can't conceive of spending any considerable period of time in bed without rereading Jane Austen. Like Abou Ben Adhem's name (so far as we are concerned), PRIDE AND PREJUDICE leads all the rest when it comes to novels that delight and charm. Not even Miss Austen's own EMMA can threaten its supremacy. So we start our list for B. de C. L.'s friend with that immortal work now to be had for ninety-five cents in the Everyman's Library (Dutton) or the World's Classics (Oxford University Press) series. For the rest we're selecting books of recent date, Phil Stong's STATE FAIR (Grosset & Dunlap: $1), for instance, a gay, swift-moving narrative, racy of the soil, with a prize pig for hero, a mid-Western farm family for cast, and a country fair for background. It's a good, zestful tale, fresh, original, and amusing. Then there's Richard Hughes's HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA (Modern Library: 95 cents), originally published in this country under the title of THE INNOCENT VOYAGE (Harpers), one of those books which strike a new note in fiction and uncover a challenging talent. The young people who are the center of its story are happily depicted in touching naiveté by a highly sophisticated writer. Far more in the tradition of American childhood is the trio of youngsters who lend liveliness to Rhys Davis's WORTH REMEMBERING (Longmans, Green: $2). This is a tale spiced with picturesque Southern speech, given a highly individualistic turn by the vagaries of the young folk, and enlivened by the infusion into it of homely Negro wit and humor. "Plum elegant," its admirers consider it, and we are willing to believe that their unrestrained delight in it is better justified than our own more temperate enjoyment. If B. de C. L.'s friend likes the Wodehouse type of humor (and few are they who do not) she will find reading well calculated to dispel the languors of illness in NOTHING BUT WODEHOUSE (Garden City Publishing Co.: $1), an omnibus volume containing the cream of its author's productions. In the same inexpensive edition is to be had an anthology of THE BEST AMERICAN HUMOROUS SHORT STORIES, while that novel so popular when it appeared, V. Sackville-West's THE EDWARDIANS, a portrayal of English society at the turn of the century, with Knole of the Sackvilles for background, is to be had in the Grosset & Dunlap edition for a dollar. Just the kind of reading to delight an invalid who wants high-hearted good humor together with an unstrenuous zest is Christopher Morley's charming PARNASSUS ON WHEELS now in the Modern Library (95 cents) group. Somerset Maugham's excellent collection of short stories, FIRST PERSON SINGULAR (Garden City Publishing Co.), which needs leisurely perusal for the appreciation of its consummate craftsmanship, is another book which should prove welcome in the sickroom. And finally we can't resist adding, though they are verse and not fiction and too recent to have appeared in cheap editions, Ogden Nash's HAPPY DAYS (Simon & Schuster: $2), and Don Marquis's "archy's life of mehitabel" (Doubleday, Doran: $2); archy, the cockroach, as his devotees will remember, could not stretch to the capital letters of the typewriter, hence his use of the lower case. Age has not withered him, nor custom staled his infinite variety. As for Mr. Nash, his new collection of brilliant caricatures in verse, is bigger and better than ever. If only for "The Song to Be Sung by the Father of Six-Months-Old Female Children" we should take his book to our heart. Yet on further consideration that is no better than "The Party," and that in turn is no better than "The Life of the Party." We wish we could quote, but we can't, because if we once began to quote we'd never stop quoting, and so we can't quote. HAPPY DAYS concludes our list, a title which records our wish for B. de C. L.'s friend. Eleven books we've named, and we hope good luck will adhere in the odd number.

WORKS ON DELINQUENT BOYS

It's far less pleasant reading than the volumes we have just enumerated that we are about to suggest now. For *G. M. of Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, Canada,* is anxious to get titles of books or articles which may be of assistance to him in his work with delinquent boys. There is a rapidly growing literature in the field, and much material scattered throughout general studies in penology and mental hygiene. The White House Conference on Child Health and Protection held this year went into the matter extensively, and the section on the delinquent child in its proceedings, published by Appleton-Century, is a valuable contribution to the subject. The United States Census Bureau's report, CHILDREN UNDER INSTITUTIONAL CARE, contains a section on Juvenile Delinquents, the *Social Service Review* for December, 1930, presents "Statistics for Institutions for Juvenile Delinquents," and BULLETIN NUMBER 10 of the United States Office of Education is devoted to Industrial Schools for Delinquents. Among the outstanding books on the subject are Healy's RECONSTRUCTING BEHAVIOR IN YOUTH (Knopf), Samuel H. Hartwell's FIFTY-FIVE BAD BOYS (Knopf), Henry W. Thurston's THE DELINQUENT CHILD (Columbia University Press), Lee and Kenworthy's MENTAL HYGIENE AND SOCIAL WORK (Commonwealth Fund), and E. R. Wembridge's LIFE AMONG THE LOWBROWS (Houghton Mifflin).

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE OF TODAY

And now from the tragic to the dramatic. *E. D. of Storrs, Conn.,* is anxious to secure translations of Russian plays. He is looking for representative nineteenth century plays, and wants particularly to know whether any material is available on the present-day theatre in Russia.

We wish E. D. could have been at our dinner table the other night when Maurice Hindus, author of THE GREAT OFFENSIVE (Smith & Haas) which the Book-of-the-Month Club recently sent out, held the company enthralled while he gave them a vivid description of the current production of HAMLET in Russia. The melancholy Dane, strange as it may seem, is a comic figure as there presented, and indeed the whole play is given as satirical comedy. The audience, Mr. Hindus says, burst into loud guffaws when Hamlet speaks his famous soliloquy, and even poor Ophelia, when she appears, is a source of merriment. But to our question.

The Drama Book Shop, 48 West 52nd Street, New York City, has or can get all translations of representative nineteenth century Russian plays. It recommends especially for anyone interested in the Russian theatre MASTERPIECES OF THE RUSSIAN DRAMA (Appleton-Century: $7.50), by George Rapall Noyes. This contains Fonvizin's "The Young Hopeful," Griboyedov's "Wit Works Woe," Gogol's "The Inspector," Turgeniev's "A Month in the Country," Ostrovsky's "The Poor Bride," Pisemsky's "A Bitter Fate," Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan the Terrible" and "The Power of Darkness," Gorky's "Down and Out," Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," Andreiev's "Professor Storitsyn," and Mayakovsky's "Mystery Bouffe."

There have been no recent books of importance upon the Russian theatre according to the Drama Bookshop, and the older works are, of course, hopelessly out of date. Magazine articles are more plentiful. Among them E. D. might find interesting reading in "Soviet Theatres in 1933," by Marie Seton, which appeared in the issue of *Theatre Arts Monthly* for April, 1933; and in two earlier articles, one of which appeared in the same periodical, "The Theatrical Olympiad in Moscow" (Dec. 1930), by Anna Louise Strong, and the other of which, "The Russian Theatre," by John Mason Brown, was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1929. There is an interesting account of the Russian theatre of the immediate present in the chapter on Art in Maurice Hindus's THE GREAT OFFENSIVE.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 311)

foretold to him by a fortune-teller, and both the characters and the author discuss the question of whether or not the accidental death of a good man is a part of the Plan of God. The comfort offered is that although a majority of the people in the book have spent their lives cherishing hopeless loves, still love is enough, even unhappy love, to give meaning to life. The style is throughout like Mr. Wilder's style in a bad translation. But Mr. Hogan is unfortunately the sorcerer's apprentice who cannot make the magic work. He does not know how to keep his conceptions within bounds. His characters, like Mr. Wilder's, are all unique and superlative in some fashion; but Mr. Wilder's superlatives remained possible, and perfectly convincing, whereas Mr. Hogan's become the wildest hyperboles. One can only hope that this exaggeration is the sign, as it may very well be, of a romantic imagination of Mr. Hogan's own, which he will be able to use now that he has worked out his derivative adoration.

B. D.

CONQUEROR. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. Lippincott. 1933. $2.50.

This is the story of Cortez's conquest of Peru, told in the fictionized but not fictitious manner which is in vogue; the author, that is, invents conversations and presents his speculations about a character's motives more freely than a historian can do, but he does not introduce any absolutely unfounded incidents.

The story of Cortez's conquest, even allowing for his superior weapons and his extraordinary good fortune in being taken for a god of prophecy, is one of history's great stories of adventurous achievement, along with Xenophon's "Anabasis" and one or two others. That with a few hundred men, and many of them naturally unwilling to go so far from the safety of the coast, he should have been able to penetrate to the heart of a strange country, overcome a mighty empire, occupy its capital, survive the massacre of his expulsion from the capital and conquer it afresh, appears the more amazing the more one reads of it. And this story takes place against a background of such barbaric magnificence as far surpasses the legendary glory of Solomon, for with the Incas it was not silver but gold that was nothing accounted of. With such a story to tell, an author could hardly do badly; and Mr. Smith has done well. He writes in a swashbuckling, colorful manner that suits his subject matter. While the more critical of readers must feel that fictionized history is at best a hybrid form, still this book should have a strong popular appeal.

B. D.

Miscellaneous

"LAWYERS MUST EAT." By Alexander L. Schlosser. Vanguard. 1933. $2.

Discussions among lawyers of the high degree of public trust and confidence that their profession should sustain might seem to a layman not to have gotten in some thousands of years much farther than this —that lawyers really should not be out and out embezzlers. That is all that presidents of bar associations might appear to some to really mean when talk is high and flowing of the majesty of the law and the profession. Illustrations occasionally given by members of the profession of the pinnacles of ethics it should reach point to conduct hardly more exalted than what would be just sufficient to keep the average layman out of jail.

To such misguided individuals Mr. Schlosser's book, with its genuinely high standards of professional ethics, will come as an encouraging novelty. In their eyes he will appear a prophet.

I do not mean that Mr. Schlosser has attempted an attack, were it warranted, on the big Wiggins of the law, if such there be. But I do mean that Mr. Schlosser recognizes other delinquencies of the profession than the proverbial and obvious rackets of bankruptcy and ambulance chasing.

There is, of course, nothing revolutionary in this book's thesis that there is a distant obligation upon lawyers to fix their charges in direct proportion to the value of services actually rendered and not to base them principally upon the ability of the client to pay or the amounts involved or upon results, largely fortuitous. Yet it can do no harm to hear it said again especially when so entertainingly and ironically said.

If Mr. Schlosser be a lawyer, then he

(*Continued on following page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

cannot be over praised for his surprising objectivity—in any event he is to be congratulated on a good thing.

S. B. C.

Music

THE ART OF ENJOYING MUSIC. By Sigmund Spaeth. Whittlesey House. 1933. $2.50.

From his considerable experience in dishing out elementary music over the radio, and from the quality of the resulting fan-mail, Mr. Spaeth seems to have become convinced that many people are capable of developing an intelligent appreciation of music if only the highbrow association can be removed. Accordingly he addresses this book frankly to the primary class, coating each pill of information with nine parts of irrelevant sugar.

It is debatable whether this method (which for one thing makes the book much longer than necessary) will succeed in increasing the American audience for serious music. Mr. Spaeth tries so hard to make it easy that he occasionally provides an item which the reader will subsequently have to unlearn: for instance, the unqualified statement that Mozart's melodies are in themselves simpler than Wagner's. Mr. Spaeth writes clearly and well, if too much, and he succeeds admirably in the simpler phases of music, particularly when popular music provides illustrative material. But when he comes, for instance, to the tricky but vital subject of development in sonata form, he abandons musical for literary terminology, with unsatisfactory results. This is typical of the book, even of the elaborate appendices of definitions and composers. The definitions of simple terms are adequate, but the reader will be misled on such words as "diatonic," "chaconne," and "passacaglia." Only the most famous composers are competently summarized: Fauré's one-act opera, "L'Organiste," is listed, but not his much greater opera in three acts, "Pénélope." These are curous lapses, for Mr. Spaeth unquestionably knows his subject much better than this bok would indicate. But he tries too hard to avoid being technical or highbrow, and oversimplificatcn is a dangerous educational device. G. S.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archæology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

ART

The Farmer's Year. C. Leighton. Longmans. $10. *François Boucher and the Beauvais Tapestries.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

Martin Luther. Oak of Saxony. E. P. Booth. New York: Round Table Press. $2.50. *A Life Against Death.* K. Winslow. Lowman & Hanford. $3. *Imaginary Conversation with Franklin.* W. C. Bruce. Putnams. $2.

DRAMA

Sailor Beware! K. Nicholson and C. Robinson. Farrar. $2. *Kentucky Mountain Fantasies.* P. MacKaye. French. $1. *Four French Comedies of the Eighteenth Century.* Ed. C. D. Zdanowicz. Scrib. $1.

EDUCATION

A Path to Understanding. S. Kramer, New York.

INTERNATIONAL

A Study of Chinese Boycotts. C. F. Remer with assistance of W. B. Palmer. John Hopkins Press. $2.75.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Year Book of College Oratory. E. E. Anderson. Noble. $2. *Shark! Shark!* Capt. W. E. Young as told to H. S. Mayer. Gotham House. $4. *The City Without Walls.* Arranged by M. C. Osgood. Macmillan. $4.50. *Some Mountain Views.* D. L. Pickman. Boston: Manthorne. $2. *Living Pictures.* M. A. Sohrab and J. Chanler. New York: New History Foundation. $1.25. *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases.* P. M. Roget. Enlarged by J. L. Roget. Revised and enlarged by S. R. Roget. Longmans. $2. *Tech-Up.* J. A. Jones. Chicago, 700 West Ohio St.: Tech-Up, Inc. *Remember When.* Ed. M. Thérèse Bonney. Coward. $2.

PAMPHLETS

Joseph Wright. Oxford University Press. 50 cents. *Should We Turn to Silver?* H. M. Bratter. Univ. of Chicago Pr. 25 cents. *I, Governor of California.* U. Sinclair. Los Angeles: Sinclair. 20 cents. *Ecstatic Spilt-Seconds with Love and Beauty Quotations.* Selected J. E. Wray. Detroit: Logan-Dale. *Common Sense and the Crisis.* G. Wells. Doubleday.

POETRY

Collected Poems. W. B. Yeats. Macmillan. $2.50.

RELIGION

The Nature of Religion. G. Wothermin. Crowell. $3.50. *The Necessity of Atheism.* D. W. Brooks. New York: Freethought Press Ass. $2.50.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of the Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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DELICIOUS Home Made Sweets from the Virginias. Box 360.

WOULD some nice person like to pay $25 a month for use of grand piano weekdays in convenient midtown apartment? Box 363.

EX-DIPLOMAT, bachelor, presently Florida, wants job for maintenanace. Box 368.

LADY, Protestant, 30-40, as companion to motherless girl, twelve, and keep house for her and father; small home Philadelphia; only applications of those entirely alone in world, graduates major northern U. S. colleges, will be considered; state in full particulars of age, salary, homemaking experience, habits, and personal characteristics. Box 369.

AM LOOKING for someone to give me archery lessons; must not be too expensive. Box 370.

AN ANXIOUS author who has been discovered at various times during the past five years with exclamations of delight and incredulity by various literary persons, desires to be discovered by editor with serious intentions in regard to publication and payment. All exclamations of delight may be omitted from letters of acceptance if checks are enclosed. Above mentioned anxious author has sold about forty short stories and articles in the past five years. A Collier's acceptance which paid four hundred dollars in her present high money mark. She would like very much to repeat said feat ad infinitum, and thus become yours very truly, one less anxious author. Box 371.

PERSONALS

WASHINGTONIANS who are unattached, not quite young, and sometimes lonely address Box 372.

ENGLISH woman, Protestant, excellent housekeeper for elderly lady or gentleman. Knowledge nursing; good cook. Box 373.

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TYPISTS, two, female, speedy, accurate, desired at boys' college preparatory school near Philadelphia. Free room, board, laundry—no salary. Send photo and recommendations to Box T.

IS THERE A young woman articulate, and informed, who would write a young creative artist of 32 well known on two continents? Box 714.

IMPOVERISHED youth, ambitious artistically but otherwise sane, desires communication with wealthy, childless couple. Object: possibly adoption—certainly education. "Southerner."

WELLBRED Southerner (stranger in New England city), whose taste does not run to drinking parties, etc., fun-loving, outdoor enthusiast, loves dancing and reading, desires correspondence with college man between twenty-five and thirty-five. "Jean."

WISE HOUSE personal letters to children bring Christmas every month. Stories, puzzles, pictures, rhymes. Also Valentine and birthday cards. $2.50 a year. Send for sample. Robin Palmer, R. F. D., Box 251, Port Chester, New York.

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PERSONALS

ARTIST—Will any one interested in communicating with "Paul," who made known his desires in the November eleventh issue, please do so at once? Paul Peck, 2270 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn. Telephone Dewey 9-8809.

I WILL type your manuscripts, thesis or what have you, expertly and at very low cost. "Emma."

SPEND Christmas Vacation in Mountains of Virginia. Old college town. Reasonable rates. Box 773, Lexington, Virginia.

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WIDOW, lonesome, philanthropically inclined, longing to add flavor and interest to her life, may write "Peter Hamilton."

YOUNG woman, broadly educated, fond of ideas, particularly interested in drama, literature, and outdoor life, living in Manhattan, would enjoy correspondence, for purpose of exchanging ideas, with single man, 35 to 45, unusually intelligent and of kindred tastes. Phyllis.

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OLD MAID supporting five until they get jobs, needs loan of one grand to save her life (insurance) and reason. Excellent references, good job, repayment and quid pro quo on benefactor's terms. Box 377.

YOUNG writer, congenial, seeks room, small apartment in or near New York. Board optional. Box 378.

IN ALL of Boston is there a lady, not completely unattractive, who is interested in literature, science, economics, who prefers pop concerts to symphonies, who has a sense of humor, and who can enjoy life without too much of bridge, of dancing, and of zero Marlboro Street? Box 379.

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J. C. F.—Belated reply returned unclaimed. L.

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to authors' activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

CANADA

Here's some news *for* the States: how many people know that Quebec awards yearly prizes for approved works in literature and science by authors resident within its borders? Miss *Marjory Willison* writes in to tell us about the David prizes. In 1922, the Provincial Secretary, *Hon. Athanase David,* succeeded in passing through the provincial legislature an Act named the Literary and Scientific Competitions Act, which established these prizes. The preamble to the act has a flavor distinctly Quebeçois, not without a reminiscence as is proper of the French Academy.

"Whereas there is ground for encouraging the cultivation of belles-lettres and sciences in the Province;

"Whereas it is expedient to facilitate the publication of the works of our authors;

"Whereas it is advisable to draw to public attention literary or scientific talents which remain unknown owing to unfavorable circumstances; . . ."

The David prizes are not large intrinsically, ranging from a possible two thousand in the case of decided merit to a hundred or so by way of encouragement for lesser writers. *Hon. Athanase David* described his Act as a reflection of the mind of the province. Some of the prize winners in the eleven years have been: *Canon F. G. Scott* of Quebec City, *L'abbé Ivanhoe Caron, Prof. Henry Laureys* of McGill University, *Rev. Brother Marie Victorin, Sir Andrew Macphail, Paul Morin* for his book of verse, "Poèmes de Cendre et d'Or," and *Mrs. Archibald Bowman,* a poetess who lives in Montreal. *Mr. J. Murray Gibbon's* "Melody and the Lyric," a fascinating study in the history of old songs as related to modern lyric poetry, was one of the works crowned in 1933.

COLORADO

Heloise B. Hawkins of Denver points out that one of the characters in *Gertrude Stein's* much-talked-of book, "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," is a Denver man, *Arnold Ronnebeck,* well known as critic, graphic artist, and sculptor. Miss Stein knew him in Paris.

We should have reported previously on *Robert Edmond Jones's* second annual production at Central City, of which we have heard from another correspondent. Mr. Jones revived the Lehar light opera, "The Merry Widow," which had a two-weeks' run. The principals included *Gladys Swarthout, Natalie Hall, Richard Bonelli, Ernest McChesney,* and *Frederic Warlock.* The orchestra was conducted by *Macklin Marrow.*

NORTH CAROLINA

We are glad to hear again from Ben E. Atkins, of the *Gastonia Daily Gazette:*

The October number of *The North Carolina Poetry Review* was dedicated to *John Charles McNeill,* that rare young Southern poet who died just twenty-six years ago—on October 17, 1907—at the age of 33.

Ironically enough, the month of his death furnished *McNeill* with the inspiration for what is recognized as one of his most beautiful poems, "October." This poem was reprinted in full in the memorial number of *The Review,* along with material concerning the poet's life and reminiscences of some of his intimate acquaintances.

Last year, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of *McNeill's* death, two volumes of his poetry were reprinted in new editions by the University of North Carolina Press at Chapel Hill. These two volumes, "Lyrics from Cotton Land,". and "Songs Merry and Sad," are widely known and still widely read throughout the South.

The unmistakable fire of genius in *McNeill's* works has been recognized by, among others, *Dr. Archibald Henderson,* North Carolina university professor and biographer of *George Bernard Shaw.* Outstanding critics in all parts of the land have predicted that this genius, on the fiftieth anniversary of the young poet's death, will be far more widely recognized than it is today. This remains to be seen, of course, but it is universally agreed that the frail *McNeill* was one of the rarest poetic lights the South has ever produced.

The North Carolina Poetry Review, while still less than a year old, is rapidly spreading its influence, and shows every promise of becoming one of the South's most popular magazines of poetry. Among contributors in the last two issues were *Struthers Burt, Katherine Newlin Burt, Olive Tilford Dargan,* and *Archibald Rutledge.*

TEXAS

The *Southwest Review,* outstanding regional magazine of the country, now in its eighteenth year, took a new lease on life when Louisiana State University recently united with Southern Methodist University in its support. (We have this report from Professor *E. E. Leisy* of Southern Methodist University.) Regional architecture, poems by *John Gould Fletcher,* Indian stories by *Mary Austin,* and Louisiana sketches have been featured in recent numbers. *Henry Smith, Charles Pipkin,* and *John McGinnis* are the editors. . . . *John A. Lomax* has turned his attention from Cowboy ballads to collecting negro songs, what the black boy calls "jumped-up pieces and sinful tunes." . . . *Frank Dobie,* author of "Coronado's Children," has been in Mexico as a Guggenheim fellow, collecting folk-lore. . . . *W. E. Bard,* Dallas, recently won the Texas Poetry Society prize with a volume, "A Little Flame Blown."

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

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THE TEXAS RANGE RIDER *George M. Johnson* (Clode: $2.)	Western	Steve Miller, who "fans" his Colts, pursues beautiful Barbara, the hidden gold, and the varmints who let daylight through Hard Rock Charlie. Plenty of the required action.	Standard
THOU MY BELOVED *Elizabeth Stancy Payne* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Time-Killer	Mrs. Carol Embree, widow in her thirties and courted by an attractive M.D., finds the one error of her past catching up to interfere with a rosy future.	For Women Only

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Inflation or no inflation, *Happy Days* are definitely here. . . . *Happy Days* for the book-sellers, *Happy Days* for the book-buyers, *Happy Days* for the book-reviewers. *Happy Days* for the sales department, *Happy Days* for the shipping room, *Happy Days* for all lovers of the good, the true and the beautiful, and *Happy Days* for *The Inner Sanctum* as an OGDEN NASHIONAL institution.

The handsprings and Roman candles that greeted the publication of *Hard Lines* and *Free Wheeling* have been exceeded by the polysyllabic acclaim for the new NASH, but there are a few dissenting voices shouting in the wilderness, probably those of

SENATOR VOLSTEAD
AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON
ELLA BOOLE
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who, in the immortal words of Queen Victoria, would doubtless declare, "We are not amused." But practically everybody else is.

The most exhilarating tribute to *Happy Days* is not a favorable review at all. It is a withering paragraph from *The Thunderer* which will go echoing down the corridors of time as a classic of critical acumen:

> *Here is humorous verse which would be improved if the author took more care with his rhymes.*
>
> —LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, THE LONDON TIMES

On pages 73 to 79 of *Happy Days* will be found the words and music of an OGDEN NASH poem entitled *Quartet For Prosperous Love Children*, arranged and scored by ROBERT ARMBUSTER. Overnight this has become a collector's item and a classic (1989 A.D. papers please copy). When the verses were introduced at the last Dutch Treat Club show, typewritten copies of the Quartet enjoyed a tremendous undercover speak-easy circulation. A phonograph record has been made for private distribution. Perhaps later it will become public. *(Speak up, if you want it.)* Meantime there is only one way to enjoy this hilarious and Rabelaisian folk-song, and that is to stampede your own book-sellers by mail, telephone, telegraph, or personal visit, and plank down two dollars for a copy of *Happy Days*.

"*I received the* OGDEN NASH QUARTET *record from* HAPPY DAYS", writes RUPERT HUGHES, "*and heard it with such rapture that when* CHARLIE CHAPLIN *invited me to dinner, I took it along. He and* WILL ROGERS *had to hear it twice and fair perished with laughter. I left it there and have since heard that* CHAPLIN *plays it for everybody that comes near the house and has nearly worn it out. As I doubt my ability to get it back. I enclose a cheque for another one. adding $2 for Ogden Nash's new book,* HAPPY DAYS".

Readers of this column desiring to perish with laughter together with CHARLIE CHAPLIN and WILL ROGERS (could there be a better guarantee for *Happy Days?*) will please notify

—ESSANDESS.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞We have sequestered from the Circulation Department a letter which we reprint without names, but with enthusiasm:

> Gentlemen: Something over a year ago I subscribed for the *S. R.* to be sent to . . . . . Since then I have married the lady. Valuable as your review is, one copy suffices for our instruction and entertainment. I have been a subscriber since the early days.

☞No doubt Scribners will share our gratification in a literary note which we reprint from the *Bell Telephone News*, published monthly for the employees of the Illinois Telephone Company: "*The Forsyte Saga* comes beautifully bound in one volume. I can think of no nicer gift for the book lover, unless, perhaps, it would be a subscription to *The Saturday Review of Literature*." ☞Speaking of gifts, the Joint Board of Publishers and Booksellers has released the sixth Book Councillor list —this one on art books.

☞"What is Middlewestern?" Grant Wood raises the question, which may well start a controversy, in connection with a contest for a one-act play sponsored by the Cedar Rapids Community Players. The play must deal with some phase of Middlewestern life, and contestants must be "residents of the REAL Middlewest," as shown on a map which includes North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois—but not Indiana, Ohio, or Michigan. These, according to Mr. Wood, are "border-line states—too effete to belong to the real Middlewest." Indiana, he says, doesn't like being excluded, but the rest of the group is delighted. For our part, we are even more surprised at the inclusion of Missouri: Dan Longwell of Doubleday, Doran, who comes from there, thinks it's in the South. ☞If you want to find out the details of the drama contest, write to Mr. Edward Sheehy, 2051 Linden Drive, S. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. If you want to argue about the Middlewest, write to Quercus.

☞In answer to Old Quercus's question —apropos of *Raffles Returns*—as to what a "googly man" is, we have a reply from Mr. William Webb of the Flint, Michigan, Public Library: "Without seeing the book or the contest I would guess that it means a bowler in cricket who has developed a method of delivery which makes it impossible for the batter to guess the direction of the spin of the ball . . . Strictly the googly is a ball that breaks one way, but a googly man would be able to break the ball either way using the same action or delivery. Anyone who has ever tried this can assure you that it means contortions and work." Mr. Webb does not explain the difference, if any, between a googly man and Carl Hubbell. ☞We only hope that the English reviewers have had as much trouble with Ring Lardner's Jack Keefe stories as we have with cricket.

☞The Union News Company in New York has adopted a novel bookselling idea at their two book counters in the main waiting-room of the Grand Central Station. They keep on display a public file of *The Saturday Review*. Each week's issue, as received, is firmly clamped down over previous issues, so that the customer can thumb through and find the review of whatever recent books he may be interested in. We are proud to report that the copies quickly become dog-eared (the one on top in the photograph had its face washed for pictorial purposes). We also feel complimented, not only that *The Saturday Review* is the only magazine on the book counter, but also that the Union News Co. finds it necessary to secure the *Review* with clamps, when they are willing to let all those books just lie around loose.

☞Scribners report that S. S. Van Dine, who lets out a lot of information about fish in *The Dragon Murder Case*, is "one of the leading aquarists in America." We never doubted that he knows his stuff; our complaint is that the fish—unlike the dogs in *The Kennel Murder Case*—have no real connection with the story. ☞We are interested to hear that F. Scott Fitzgerald has written a new novel, his first since *The Great Gatsby* of nine years ago. It will be called *Tender Is the Night*. We look forward not only to the novel, but to the reviews; now that the generation Fitzgerald once represented has more or less disintegrated from under him, the reviewers will have to find a new basis of criticism for *Tender Is the Night*.

☞E. M. Delafield, recently in this country writing *The Provincial Lady in America*, visited Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, and Washington; apparently the provincial lady is not going to report on the American provinces. ☞There are many amusing stories in *Steel Trails*, by Martin D. Stevers (Minton Balch). One of them tells of a negro fireman on an early locomotive—annoyed by the roar of steam from the safety valve, he tied it down; this resulted in the first locomotive boiler explosion. ☞*Shark! Shark!* by Captain William E. Young and Horace S. Mazet (Gotham House), is reputedly the first general book on sharks in all their aspects, from menace to comestible. The publishers have bound it with a shark-skin backbone. ☞The publications of Thomas Bird Mosher of Portland, Maine, will be distributed to the trade through Loring & Mussey of New York.

☞Bibliographical Note: —The *Three Little Pigs* in book form is a faithful representation of the movie, as far as possible; the illustrations are excellent; but the charm of the Silly Symphony does not quite come across. One reason is that the music is omitted—perhaps because the copyright is owned separately? Only in one detail is there an attempt to paint the lily: the portrait of "Father" in the third little pig's brick house, which in the movie was a string of sausages, has been replaced by a football representing the portrait of Uncle Otto. Father is relegated to the kitchen, and is metamorphosed into a baked ham.

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